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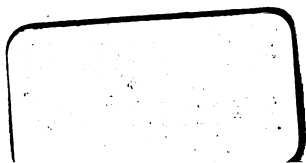
FERNANDO PO MISSION



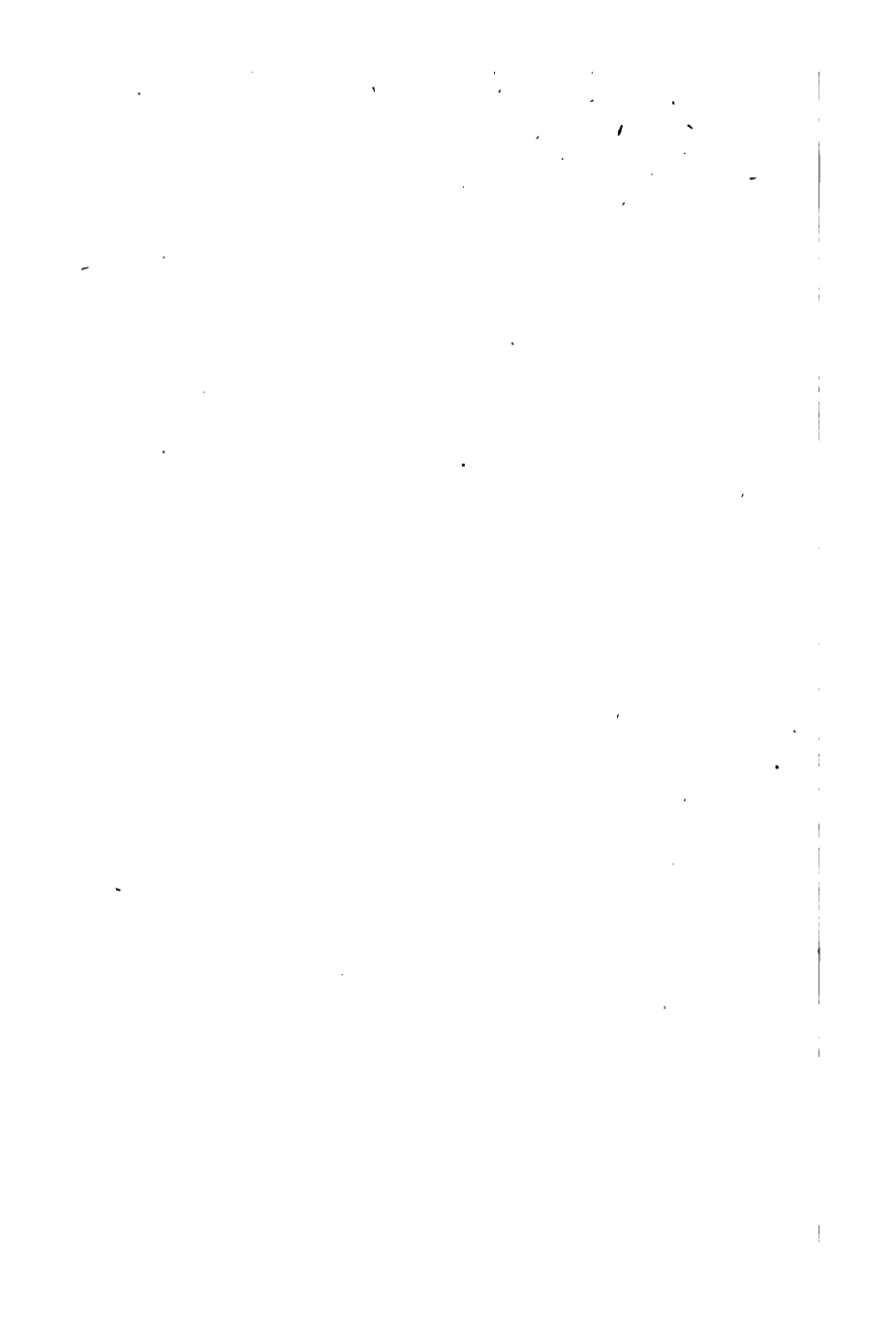
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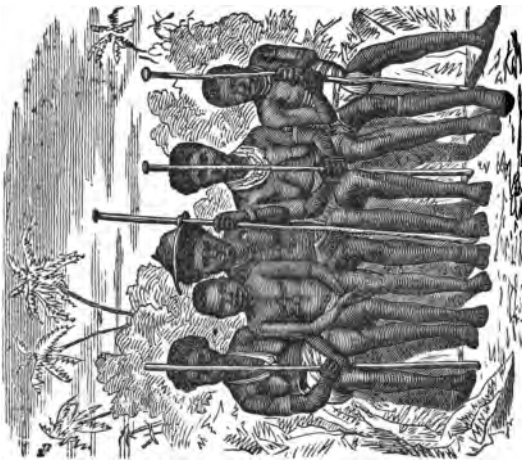


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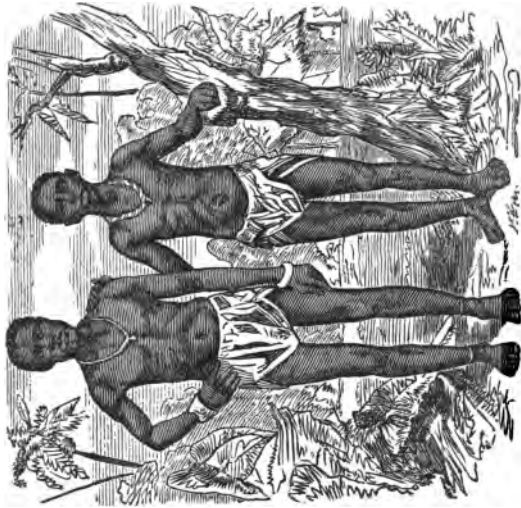








(Photographed by Mr. F. W. Josque, of Fernando Po Mission).
A FERNANDO PO CHIEF,
 and the two wives he offered the Author in exchange
 for Mrs. Roe.



(Photographed by Mr. F. W. Josque, of Fernando Po Mission).
KRUMEN
 Labourers in Fernando Po.

FERNANDO PO MISSION :

A CONSECUTIVE
HISTORY OF THE OPENING
OF OUR FIRST
MISSION TO THE HEATHEN;
WITH NOTES ON
CHRISTIAN AFRICAN SETTLERS,
AFRICAN SCENERY,
MISSIONARY TRIALS AND JOYS.

Partly re-written from "West African Scenes,"
with many facts not before published.

BY
HENRY ROE,
Missionary to the Heathen, Author of "Going to Africa,"
"Consecration," &c.

"Next to that undying camp meeting on Mow Hill, we will tell our children of that first service at Mamma Job's house. The facts of 1870 begin a new chapter in the Connexion's life. This is more than a time of victory."
—Rev. T. Guttery in Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

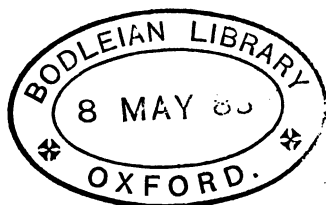
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1882.

1882. 2. 155.



Printed by E. G. Miller, Woburn Sands, Beds.
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Garden, London, E.C.

TO YOU,
WILLIAM J. TURNEY, ESQ.,
Park Hill, Stourbridge;

AS MY EARLY
PLAYMATE, FELLOW SCHOLAR, AND FRIEND
FROM CHILDHOOD TO NOW;
WHOSE HOME SO CHEERED OUR LEAVING ENGLAND,
AND AFTERWARDS AIDED OUR
RESTORATION FROM FOREIGN SICKNESS:
AND TO THE WIFE WHO SO NOBLY SHARES
YOUR ENDEAVOURS, SUCCESSES, & USEFULNESS;
AND ENCOURAGED HER YOUNGER SISTER
WHILE AMID THE DANGERS, LABOURS & TRIALS
HEREIN DESCRIBED:
THIS WORK IS MOST GRATEFULLY AND
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE criticism on "West African Scenes," sometimes too flattering but often so very useful, is the leading Providence in causing this. For many improvements, additions, and increased sale, we are greatly indebted to critics of all sorts.

Another Providence in this work is our present Station, where, amid the sweet shade of extensive woods, and the rich undergrowth of flowers and ferns,

"Exempt from public haunt,"

we are so often and so powerfully reminded of life in the Tropics. In such scenes as these, with restored health and an active spirit, write we must, even if we do not print.

The fact of this being the

"ELEVENTH THOUSAND"

of our published works now called for in so short a time is very encouraging.

It is still more encouraging to know as we do of the former editions being read in Europe, India, Africa, America, and Australia; thus

proving that our audience is far greater than we personally see, and that our

“FIELD IS THE WORLD.”

This fact commands and receives the consecration of our best powers, brightest moments, and happiest service.

But the most encouraging fact is the direct testimony already received of these books aiding the varied interests of Africa, combined with the prospect of far-reaching and abiding usefulness. A well known and able minister informs us that his son gave him great anxiety, but was greatly aided in deciding to be a Christian by the reading of one of these former works. That same son has now become a minister, already encouraged by conversions, and to the joy of his family has offered himself as a missionary to Africa. *Laus Deo!* Facts like these keep us at it with a bright face and a singing heart, nerved for any difficulty, and believing for still richer fruit.

Yours, Henry Roe,

Rose Cottage,

Near the Woods,

July 28, 1882.

Woburn Sands, Beds.

ENGRAVINGS:

	Page.
1. A Fernando Po Chief and the two wives he offered the Author in exchange for Mrs. Roe - -	2
2. Krumen Labourers in Fernando Po -	2
3. House of Mrs. Job - - - -	23

FERNANDO PO MISSION.



THE OPENING SCENE.

FEB. 20, 1870.—The scene opens on the wild Western Coast of Africa, between four and five degrees north of the Line, and amid tropical sights and sounds.

You and I are here travelling together; but not, I trust as Dick Waterlow's Art Critics, which are represented by the much abused artist by an ass and a calf, with half human faces, staring vacantly at, and passing judgment on his recent sketch of a beautiful landscape. Rather than such, let our minds be mirrors heavenly bright, receiving and reflecting the infinite hues of light and shade, joy and sorrow, that crowd upon us on every side. What others only look at, let us *see*; what others only hear, let us *study*; and what others only feel, let us *utilize* and *tell*.

Bonny is there, left behind, though still in sight. Its low swampy fever beds, river of sharks, canoes of slaves, tales of cannibal feasts, and heathen temple built of human heads instead of bricks, have so harrowed our feelings that we long to unfurl the missionary banner and leap into the hottest of the fight.

This on our left is "Rough Corner," with its little trees and crossed sticks, marking the graves of white men. Silently and sadly we look,

pearls. O that some poet of nature were here, an Isaiah, a Virgil, or Shakespere, to arrange these glories in verse, and immortalize them for all people and all time ! All along this beach the anxious waves, made white by conflict, are dancing and sparkling and kissing the shore. So too, our hearts are leaping, and longing to be as the waves are.

It is 4 a.m. and we are steaming into Santa Isabel harbour, cheered by eight lights on shore. To announce the arrival of the British Mail, the ship's cannon is fired, and is answered by a rolling echo round the mountain sides, and the melancholy yelling of dogs, and the crowing of cocks. Let us be calm by thinking of that other crowing mentioned by Tennyson, thus :

" The mother of the sweetest little maid
That ever *crowed* for kisses."

The anchor falls, with a startling splash, and the continued unrolling of the cable tells of the vast depth of water here, so near the land. Now the ship rests, we must move ; so, pacing to and fro on deck, our imprisoned thoughts and feelings find vent by singing :

" Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above ye heavenly hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

LANDING AND RECEPTION.

Boats and canoes rowed or paddled by more than half naked African Krumen, are soon alongside the ship, and the news is spreading on shore that missionaries are come. Two Africans dressed

neatly as Europeans, spring lightly on deck and shake our hands as though we were the dearest old friends in all the world. "O welcome, welcome, welcome! We have waited long time for missionary; and now, thank God, you are come."

Recovering ourselves a little, and having no one to introduce us, we introduce ourselves thus, "See, these are Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Burnett, and we two are Henry and Mrs. Roe. Now, please tell us your names." Cheerfully one of them replies, "This is J. B. Davies; and I am T. R. Prince. We are natives of a distant part of Africa, but seeing no preacher in all this country of Fernando Po, we sent the petition to London, begging you to come." At their kind offer to take us on shore, Mr. Burnett and I personally engage to be landed by them, as soon as breakfast is over, at nine o'clock.

Even the parting from a ship may be affecting, especially if your organ or sense of inhabitativeness is strong; and Fowler once said that ours is. Anyhow it is worthy of remark that what some dear friends imagined would become our coffin, to be lowered without cords into a rather wet grave, should become so comfortable as to make us feel quite at home. But, so it is. Our cabin is become as cozy as a cottage parlour, and the passengers, officers, and crew are as members of one family. This happy state of things is owing in the first place to the kind providence that has given us so favourable and prosperous a voyage; and in the next place to the agreeable behaviour of most on board; and last but not least, to the tact and amiability of Captain J. W. Davies.

The time we engaged to land is come, and

Mr. Prince's boat, manned by fierce looking Krumen in their full dress of a piece of cloth tied round the waist, is alongside waiting for us. How wildly these boatmen stare, and how mysteriously they appear to be shouting in an unknown tongue. Many others, apparently as uncertain as these, are on shore, possibly waiting for us. Is it wonderful that we should now remember what the woman in Essex said about our being soon eaten by cannibals? But, we also remember that "None of these things move us; neither count we our life dear unto ourselves." Still, to live and labour amongst these, we shall need the courage, as well as the love of Christ.

So we enter the boat, and the Krumen paddle and shout, or sing their native songs. At twenty minutes past nine o'clock I leap from the boat to the shore of Fernando Po, thanking God, and claiming the country and all it contains as an offering to lay at those feet once nailed to the cross, but destined to be kissed by millions of redeemed ones from Africa's tribes. I next lift little Willie Burnett to the shore, and aid Mrs. Burnett, and then Mrs. Roe. Mr. Burnett, at his own kind request, remaining in the ship to attend to the luggage, that is not yet available.

Let us pause a moment to think. It is thirty-three years since brave Mr. Diboll began collecting for our African Mission and pleaded so earnestly in the Sheffield Conference. A generation of Africans, about two hundred millions, have gone to God since then; and we stand here the first little band of missionaries ever sent by our churches to mission the heathen. What will those millions say at the Judgment Day? And,

what are we among so many? Only five of us, even including the child clinging in fear to its mother's dress. What are we to this tribe of thirty thousand Bubi, described by the "Pictorial Missionary News" thus, 'Petty kings, proud, filthy, and wicked, were abundant. A people who, at least once a year, were addicted to cannibalism. Polygamy, murder, sorcery, and other heathen vices were practised by them. Some of their ceremonies were horrible and disgusting.'"? Remembering that the great African traveller, Lander, who lived and died here, had written, "The principal native chief is named 'Cut-throat' and is a most determined savage," can you wonder that we pause a moment on this shore, turning an anxious look on the ship just left behind, and another anxious look to the dark people approaching us? Thoughts are very quick in moments like these, and the real missionary has often to answer the inward question, Am I prepared for any sacrifice—for any sort of end? And he who cannot say Yes, and act accordingly, had better stay at home. It is sweet to hear whispered in the soul "Lo, I am with you"; and it comes to-day even sweeter than it has so often come in those midnight preaching journeys through lonely English woods.

These around us on the beach are not the savages mentioned above, but chiefly African Settlers and liberated slaves, living near the sea, who are dressed more or less in English style and most kindly smile upon us. Among the first to grasp our hands and welcome us, is a tall, nobly-built woman, above middle age, whose sable face shines brightly beneath its crown of silvery curly

hair. What the palm is to the forest, and the warrior chieftain is to his band, this African princess is to many of her tribe. We hear her called 'The Lady High Priestess'; but you will better know her as Mrs. Job, a name appropriate to her crushing sorrows and happy old age.

From the sea to the town of Santa Isabel a precipitous cliff rises about a hundred feet, covered with tall grass, ferns, and a pretty sprinkling of bananas and convolvuli. We have not yet exchanged our sea legs for land legs, and are ascending rather awkwardly somehow between a walk and a climb. Wild looking Krumen are carrying several of our choicest tin boxes on their heads, which make their backs and legs glisten like bronze statues freely moistened by a sunny shower. And sunny to-day is, even as the sunniest of days; for, though it is not yet 10 a.m., and we are dressed in thin white garments, and beneath sun-umbrellas, the heat seems overpowering, and we long for a deeper shade.

At the top of the cliff is a large open square, covered with sun-burnt grass and patches of brown sandy earth. Is this where the native war dance has often been seen? We cross this square, and follow the road to the right, strangers in a strange land, not knowing where we may shelter at noon, or rest our heads at night; but remembering the Inn at Bethlehem, and the contrast between foxes and the Son of Man. A kind African urges us forward by saying that aged widow Nicholl, who has been liberated by the British from slavery will provide us lodging, and that another African, Mr. Prince, will provide us with a native cook and food. These things they do; and as in the

case of Mary who showed such kindness to the Travelling Preacher at Bethany, even so, wherever this book is read in all the world, the kind acts of these Africans may be told as their memorial.

As we enter the house of widow Nicholl, the smiling old lady holds out her hand and welcomes us most warmly; while her two native maids, 'Ryer and Rosa,' make several quick jerks down and up in imitation of polite courtesy, which we receive as Milton says :

"We trust thy honest offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry walls
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended."

Mrs. Nicholl is a good specimen of her tribe, with bright black skin, hair turning gray, and voice deep but musical. At first we cannot understand her words, though said to be English, any more than if they were Coptic, but we do understand her down cast look of horror, and agonizing shrug of both shoulders, and shaking of the knees and arms; and then of her upraised and sparkling large eyes, and tear-gemmed cheeks, and quivering lips. Yes, these are parts of that universal language all travellers have to learn, being needed and followed nowhere more than in Africa. Her movements we perfectly understand, but not her words; and yet our ignorance must not appear.

Mrs. Roe is the first to understand the widow's words, and says that she is telling how she once lived in a far off land, and was stolen from home,

and sold as a slave, and shipped for a foreign market. "Den de good English ship take me from de bad slave ship, and make me go free. Oh, me do love de English for breaking de chains and bringing me to dis land. Me love dem for being kind to my country, and me glad you come. Now me will serve de missionaries, and do all me can because me be free."

Surely the Lord has sent his angel before us, to open our way, and give us great success. Surely the discouraging reports on board of the dangers here on shore were not true; but only a testing of our faith and work.

Soon many Africans enter the house to see the missionaries, and learn their plan; and rather than appear to take any advantage over an absent one, we wait over an hour for Mr. Burnett's landing. But there are no signs of his early coming, and the many people gathered here are showing signs of weariness and about departing. Meanwhile, the word of the Lord burns like a fire shut up in our bones, as we think that here are the land and the people we have longed for and prayed for so long, and that tens of thousands of our Christian Israel are now daily pleading for. Shall we through official modesty allow them to depart without a word of invitation? The answer soon comes in the words of our Marching Orders, "Preach the gospel to every creature." "Be instant, in season; out of season." These orders are as clear and strong, as though now shouted down from heaven by the great Commander. So, we keep the people together a little longer while we sing:

"We are marching on with shield and banner bright,"

and

"I have a Father in the promised land,"

after which we explain our mission, and invite the people to the future services, and offer a short prayer. It would have done you good to have seen the two missionary wives entering so heartily into this singing and praying, and so well manifesting their courage and faith. What, if the women become the best men? And, what if the words of Keats, but in another sense, become true in our party?—

"When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware."

Then, leaving our wives to the care of strangers, I go for Mr. Burnett, who seeing me approach the beach, then leaves the ship. As he leaps from the boat to the shore at 11.30 a.m., I hold his hand and say "Welcome to Fernando Po"!

OUR FIRST AFRICAN HOME.

Would you like to see this home? I know you would; so here it is. The Spaniards have named this street along the south front, Calle de Nicholas, and that is Calle de Quesida along the west side. It is about twenty feet square, built of wood, standing on posts that are eight feet high, and approached by a wooden ladder before and behind. Several wooden shutters answer for windows, admitting two welcome visitors—fresh air and light. There is no ceiling, and the thin roof of palm leaves opens in several places to show us at night the lovely stars twinkling as if smiling a happy welcome to our upturned faces. Thank you, ye beautiful stars, for your silvery chain binds us sweetly to the dear ones we had

thought so far away. But, come back, O thou soaring spirit; leave the heavens, and tenant this house.

Here are as many as four rooms for the actual use of only three families; so there is a spare room where we all take our meals together; but not without eyeing very suspiciously several big dogs on the floor, while they are quite as suspiciously eyeing us.

How remarkable that this African house has got a pretty Swiss clock, telling the hours by a bird opening a front door, flapping its wings, and singing 'Cuckoo'! As the time strikes, (I beg the Cuckoo's pardon) as the time *sings*, we think and talk of spring time, with its violets and primroses. Then we look out of our wooden shutters and see the cocoa-nut palms, orange trees, and bananas.

About two miles south from here, Clarence Peak begins to rise, and its mountain face is now bathed in clouds. Such is our first home in Africa. Taken for better or worse, as in matrimony, it is far more beautiful and more comfortable than we ever expected. Our hostess, Mrs. Nicholl, in her clean and tidy print dress, and her native maids, Ryer and Rosa, are always studying our comfort, and from early morn to night, making us happy and at home.

PROVISIONS AND KINDNESS.

The stock of provisions carried with us consists of oatmeal, Huntley and Palmer's Reading biscuits, black currant preserves, the never-to-be-forgotten tea, and, what do you think?—a pig's chap.

True, a tale hangs to this chap, and we beg any offended pig's pardon for uniting a tale with a chap. While making farewell visits in Nottingham, a good man met us in the street and asked 'will you take a pig's chap to Africa?' At first we looked startled, and then laughed at what seemed a good joke; but finding him in earnest and remembering his business, we promised for his sake to take it, and take it we did. Ah, we little knew then, how often we should turn away from the native "Fufu," "Calabar Chop," and "Palm Oil Chop," so frightfully hot with red peppers, and beseechingly beg for a slice of that Nottingham chap, in a land where there are no butcher's shops. And, whatever is thought about the end of this tale, we all regretted the end of our chap. Our first meal consists of parts of the above European articles, but afterwards we most thankfully enjoy the native foods, and find a good supply of rice, yams, maise, fowls, and fish.

Here comes another female, rapidly passing from girlhood to womanhood, and proudly tossing her turbanned head as she passes groups of insinuating natives. She says that she watched us land, and thought we looked hot and thirsty; so went and gathered her lap full of ripe oranges fresh from the trees, and presents them to Mrs. Roe as a tribute of welcome. Ah Jane! (for that is thine honoured name) it was Providence moved thine heart to feel for us; and the same Providence will bless thee with the gospel we bring.

In the afternoon we visit some of the traders, then dine with the captain and officers on board the Mandingo; but not without noticing and regretting that this ship that has brought the

Bible and missionaries has also brought to this station *nine hundred gallons of rum*. Ah these poor blacks, who are now laughing and singing so wildly as they land these barrels of liquid fire, may soon be gone, through this same rum, where laughing and singing come no more.

STREET SIGHTS.

It is nearly sunset. The shadows of palms stretch far along the earth. African traders, dressed in white trousers, prettily striped shirts, and light coloured straw hats, are preparing to take their principal meal. Labouring Krumen with about a yard of fancy cloth tied round the waist, and their limbs all aglow with the sweat of their toil, are here carrying to their rude sheds their evening fire wood; while yonder they are sitting round a bowl of boiled rice, and passing the single spoon of the party from mouth to mouth. A little further on, men of this strange tribe are "Tom Tomming," or beating lustily on old tins and kettles, while singing their very weird native songs. The Bubi, who live in these wild forests, are gathering to their little huts. Some of them have lingered rather late at their barterings in the town, and are returning in their only dress of a small bunch of grass and a double coat of oil and clay. Here they go in single file; the husband of course first, (for they are now *married*); and what is remarkable, this lord of creation is also general nurse, carrying a naked child saddled across his left hip, and when he is favoured with two little children too young to walk, he carries one on each hip in the same way, with their innocent cheeks pressing against

his ribs and their arms embracing his warm sides. The wives, (for there are several to each husband), are following very submissively behind each other, in the order of rank or husbandly love, and are carrying heavy burdens on their heads. Poor heads! and poor hearts! We look at you and wonder whether you are ever bright, and cheerful, and happy in such a life. Already we feel it is worth our leaving home, and crossing the sea, to help these poor tribes out of bodily degradation, social bondage, and heathen woe. O for strength and success in such a work.



(Sketched by the Author).

MRS. JOB'S HOUSE,

in Waterfall Street, is one of the hallowed scenes of the earth. Were you to see only its plain wood sides, and roof of shrivelled leaves, and

uneven floor of common soil, and entire innocence of glass window, or fire place, or chimney, and its back yard of fowls, goats, and pigs, you might wonder at its record here. But the wonder may cease, when you remember that beneath the shade of these tropical flowers, majestic bananas, and fragrant orange trees, near the back of this house, there now rests the wearied body of one of Africa's greatest travellers—Lander, who discovered the mouth of the great Niger; and whose ashes would do honour, even to Westminster.

In this house, after the Baptists were expelled from the country in 1858, the few surviving christians met to sigh and pray in silence; while, at this door, and under these eaves, the very devout Spaniards, just blessed by the priest and crossed with holy water, peeped and listened, in order to pounce on those praying ones.

It was here Captain Robinson and Mr. Hand sang and preached, till the heat of the climate, or the heat of the argument, caused them to throw off their coats in order to put on more power of utterance.

And here we gather our first congregations, preach our first sermons, form our first Sunday school, and see our first African converts weep their way through prayer and faith to Jesus and heaven. Surely this is hallowed ground.

FIRST PREACHING SERVICE.

We are met in the house of Mrs. Job, and see the wonderful providence of our first African mission being in such a field. For, as on the day of Pentecost there were gathered together people from many lands, who would probably return to

their varied homes as witnesses for Jesus, so here, at Santa Isabel, and in this our first congregation, are those who have been stolen as slaves from different tribes, and being free are longing to again see their kindred and homes. Others have left their country for their country's good; while some are intelligent traders, who, after successful business here will travel to many other towns along the coast. Hence, by saving Santa Isabel, we are blessing many distant parts of the vast continent of Africa. Ask some of these old people who are clothed in light coloured prints and turbanded with pretty handkerchiefs, where they come from, and they answer "Far, far away up the big Niger." And, where did you who have such lines of sorrow on your faces come from? "From the Efik tribes of Old Calabar, where they bury little children alive, and throw the poor mothers to the beasts of the forest." Don't question them too closely or personally, lest they break down with grief, or wail forth their bitter woe. And where do you in this corner come from? "From Bonny, Sir; where after a battle they eat the fat young people, and with the skulls build a temple to their god." And you young men, with business brows, sharp eyes, and pencils behind your ears, where are you from? "From Lagos, the Gold Coast, and Sierra Leone." And so you might question many more now present or in these streets quite near, and find they have come from nearly all lands between the Gambia and the Congo, and the far distant interior. Hence it is more providential than any of us before saw, to raise the standard, unfurl the flag, and open our African work on a vantage

ground like this. Like the rays of the morning, may the light spread from here to many lands and many souls!

Mr. Burnett opens the service by reading this appropriate hymn beginning

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

We start the tune and the people soon join the singing. Turban nods to turban, and large dark eyes twinkle to other large dark eyes, as if feelingly saying "That's the song for me."

Then Mr. Burnett prays, and we sing the hymn beginning

"My Jesus to know, and to feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below."

At the close of this, an African prays aloud in language I do not yet understand, but the pathos and power strangely move our heart.

Then we sing the hymn beginning

"Jesus, the name high over all."

After this, at Mr. Burnett's request, I deliver an exhortation or sermon, my text as a key note to all our preaching in Africa being this most glorious of all texts, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16). During about fifteen minutes, with a warm heart and much liberty of utterance, before a most attentive audience, I try to picture the deep and broad love of God, as seen in the gift of Jesus; and proclaim a full, free, and present salvation to all

who repent, believe, and receive. After this Mr. Burnett preaches an excellent sermon without text, but full of gospel truth.

Now we sing,

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the troubled waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;”

and as we again bow in devotion an African breaks forth in a most pathetic pleading with God. We rise and sing,

“He breaks the power of cancell’d sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me.”

Again we bow in supplication and another African prays; after which we close this memorable service.

The large crowd that filled the house and thronged the front and back door ways, place their seats on their heads or have them carried by boys and girls, as with the aid of oil lamps they go home along varied paths saying in our hearing, “Thank God! thank God! thank the good white people.”

In returning, Mr. Burnett complains of pains in his head and weariness, but I feel remarkably well. The night air, as is common in the tropics, is literally full of croaking and buzzing sounds, in strange contrast to the music of our heart so sweetly attuned to “Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name.”

This first day’s service is as sweet to us as the spring’s first sunshine, the liberator’s first victory, and the young mother’s first child. All hail!

thou long desired day. Thy key note of music shall touch many a waiting heart, and many a wandering tribe, till "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It SHALL blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing."

QUININE AND BATH.

22. Though our bed was simply dried grass, covered with a white sheet, the night's rest was very refreshing. Somehow we have fallen into the habit of taking a little quinine each morning to prevent fever; a practice we advise others not to follow; for experience says it does not prevent the disease so long as the ordinary causes remain; and by this daily use, the medicine loses its effect when a great effort is needed. Another daily practice began this morning, and continued during our entire stay in Africa, except when unavoidably prevented, namely, an early bath, either at home, or in the sea, or in one of the rivers. To this we ascribe, in great measure, superior health and preservation of life, in a climate and under such circumstances as often break down European constitutions.

Visiting the homes of the people to day is pleasant exercise, being so welcomed by all. Mr. Fisher, of Bonny, and Captain Decardi joined us at tea, and made the evening cheerful.

23. Soon after sunrise, while the air was still cool, Mrs. Roe and I walked outside the town, greatly admiring the streams, flowers and birds. John Bennett, an African, came and said that the natives in the Bush had told him that

missionaries are come, and so he had hastened to see us; adding, "We be like fools with no oil in our lamps." He promises to give wood and labourers in aid of a new Church.

A Bubi (G. S.), came and told us of his dark state of mind and need of God. We quoted and explained several appropriate Scripture promises to him. He has since become a helper of the mission.

We well remember how when young, the simple mention of a

WEDDING

used to electrify us. And when we saw the happy event, how closely we noticed every little detail of dress and movement, and thought what a pity that such joyous souls and beautiful bodies should ever grow old, or cold, or die. Well, as this is our first year of wedded life, you may imagine how a little of the early feeling somehow spread all over us to day when somebody shouted "A wedding! a wedding!" What smiles; what flutterings; what watching this way and that way along these palm-shaded roads. Here the merry wedding party come, leaping and dancing in front of our house. Is this daubing their bodies with yellow oil and clay, from the crown of their head to the sole of their feet intended to cover their darkness, or to hide their blushing? A boy walks in front, wearing long false hair, and a long tail, which is also false, notwithstanding the opinion of some to the contrary. The bride, all smiling, wears a high head dress full of scarlet feathers from the tails of many a parrot. The dancing bridegroom wears a high hat of goat

skin; while six others cannot be fully described, except that they have more or less of fancy feathers, pieces of skins, and strings of shells; the latter being their current money, and indicating how rich they are. They are all heathen Bubis, and the marriage ceremony takes place somewhere in their forest retreats, at present unknown to us.

To day Mrs. Roe and Mrs. Burnett consulted with a number of females on the necessity of forming a sewing class and learning dress-making. The females of Santa Isabel are delighted at this; but those of the villages object to change their native state.

At evening I conducted public service, while Mr. Burnett preached on "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?... Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

GOVERNOR OCANA AND SPANIARDS.

24. Both missionaries, accompanied by Mr. Frank Wilson as friend and interpreter, visited the Spanish Governor, Senor Ocana, who gave us a kind and hearty welcome. He enquired whether we were in the Church of England, and also concerning our wives. He then said he should be pleased to aid us in any way he could, and invited us to his house at Basili, six miles up the mountain, for the good of our health. We promised him a copy of our Connexional History, and felt regret at having left England without a supply of presents, which are so common and necessary in Africa. There are about fifty Spaniards in Fernando Po; half of them residing

in an old Man-of-War bulk in the harbour here; and the remainder on shore, not far from his Excellency's house. Except in Santa Isabel, and at the Governor's residence at Basili, no European resides in this country. His Excellency appears a perfect gentleman, and besides inviting us to share his hospitality, makes us most sincerely hope that his people and ours may ever be the best of friends.

From the Governor's house we visited the Spanish Hospital on Point William, and greatly admired its neat and clean beds provided for fifty patients, and now containing only three.

From the hospital we next visited a small building known as the Spanish Theatre, which we chiefly remember for its large portrait of Columbus near the stage, and for the loud shouts and laughter which have startled us when passing the outside at night.

25. Rats are common here, and awoke us several times last night. Worse still, they, or some other creatures equally destructive, have eaten large pieces out of nearly all our boots. Large lizards also are crawling along our house sides.

PETER BULL,

the son of Lobesor, was born on the north west side of Fernando Po, and was reared and educated in the same Bubi style as most other aborigines of these forests. While still under the parental roof, sheltered from the tornado by a few rough posts and palm leaves, and dressed with a covering of yellow oil, tufts of grass, and a rush hat, he little dreamed of the wonderful future coming

to meet him. True, he may have dreamed by night or day of catching bigger fish, of hunting the monkey and wild deer more fleetly, of throwing the war spear more effectively, and of becoming a greater chief to his tribe than ever Lobesor was. But, probably he never dreamed of ever dressing as a white man, and leading the first missionary expedition to the top of the highest mountains of his native land, and himself preaching of Jesus and heaven before many chiefs and kings. But, who shall say that God did not see all this, and thus lead him step by step accordingly? Let us watch the beautiful star that guides him, or if you wish to change the figure, the sure and wonderful providence of his life.

This native leaves the hunting grounds and war paths of his tribe, and travels northwards to Clarence, which is now called Santa Isabel. Here he sees large ships come and go, and joins himself to a trader of the name of Bull, whose attractive name he receives, to be joined afterwards by the christian name of Peter. Here he lays aside the oil, grass, and feathers, for shirt, trousers, and cap; but the tattooed marks on his face being 'a thing of beauty,' are in the same sense 'a joy for ever.' He also learns to speak the broken English language of the Coast, and to trust himself in the company of white sailors and buyers of palm oil and yams. Such is Peter's College life, and preparation for the mission field. Surely, if he become a Christian, and Missionary, and a great blessing to thousands, what ought you and I to be?

Peter is grown to manhood, and has a little

farm of his own not far from our lodgings. To day he visits us and forms the first link in a chain of affection, which, if not wickedly broken by others, will probably abide for ever, growing stronger and stronger, though seas and continents intervene, till we sit down together in heavenly places, and talk over all the way a mysterious but ever wise and kind Providence hath led us. As he approaches us to day, he draws his right foot along the floor backwards, bows his head reverently, and presents his offering of a fowl and some yams. We enter into an interesting conversation, by which it appears that he believes in the white man's God, but does not experience saving faith in Jesus, nor peace of mind. We begin a course of teaching to bring him to these, little thinking what may be the end.

To night I preach on 1 Pet. 3, 18, "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." This is the first time either of us has taken the full preaching service here alone; and while exerting myself more than was prudent for a stranger in such a climate, I was seized with my first African sickness, and that while in the midst of the sermon. Unable any longer to hide my pain, and not willing for the people to be discouraged, I abruptly left the congregation. The people remained together, and in a short time I returned and finished the service. I had been thinking how very many good works might be done by us, but on retiring to rest this night, our exhaustion and weakness were such as to remind us that our spirit and body are not one, though so intimately united, and that a parting might come too soon

for our plans. On looking back I believe that first sickness might have been avoided by taking less freely of strange native fruits, and by doing the same amount of work in a more quiet way. I notice that the natives here go softly and live; while strangers from colder climes get excited, and hurry to the grave. What a great worker was Jesus, and yet how calm!

26. The people are very kind, and of their own will have given us a duck, four fowls, a shoulder of hog, and a goat; beside abundance of oranges, limes, yams, and pine apples. They have truly done what they could. Who would not labour for such deserving souls?

27. OUR FIRST SUNDAY HERE.

At half-past seven this morning Mrs. Job's house was nearly filled with an anxious congregation, as I opened the service with hymn 619,

"The hallowed morn is dear to me,
When prayer and praise awake the day."

After prayer, the reading Matt. 28, and hymn 620,

"Hail to the Sabbath day."

Mr. Burnett preached an earnest sermon on Acts viii., 5-8. After singing hymn 576,

"Jesus, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run,"

I followed with an address on baptism, and baptized Nicholas Kennedy, son of Timothy and Sally Kennedy, who are settlers from the Coast. This is the first baptism in this mission, and the service was closed with hymn 626,

" See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms ;
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms."

While walking through the streets our spirit was pained at seeing public traders not regarding the Lord's day.

This day will ever be memorable as the beginning of our Church's

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK IN AFRICA.

By ten o'clock this morning we had gathered together, in the house of Mrs. Job, seventy-five scholars of nearly all ages, and representing the various tribes settled here, from nearly all parts of west Africa. Their colour and complexion, from the deep black to the light mulatto or albino, were as varied as the styles of their light loose dresses, and the hues of the pretty turbans so neatly folded round the female heads. We opened the school by singing,

" We sing of the realms of the bless'd,
That country so bright and so fair ;
And oft are its glories confess'd,
But, what will it be to be there ?"

After prayer the scholars were formed into classes, according to their size and probable age, which of course we only guessed at. My class contained nine males and ten females, some of whom were full grown and married ; the lesson read and expounded being the second and third chapters of the Gospel by Matthew. We sang,

" When the morning light drives away the night,"
and Mr. Burnett delivered an encouraging school address. Before closing at 12 o'clock we also

sang,

"A glory gilds the sacred page."

After an experience of seventeen happy years in the Sunday school at my native place, I know of no day so happy as this; and though sometimes smiled at for what has been called "the drudgery of constant note scribbling," I never felt more repaid for the pleasurable habit than in this instance. While the class sat around me I wrote a list of their names, and the same list now lies on the table before me. I pause to ask What have become of my first African scholars? What report do they give to day? and what report will they probably give in the next world? And though it be trespassing on the future narrative of this work, the answers are here given to you as they come to me. Eleven of the nineteen are numbered amongst the early converts and most useful members of the Church. Three travelled fourteen hundred miles from here to Sierra Leone, and to day are found, one in the Wesleyan Church, another in the Methodist Free Churches, and another in the Church Missionary Society. One of these I have since met in Sierra Leone and he rejoiced in telling of his indebtedness to this early Fernando Po work, and of his being still happy on his way to heaven. At least three are departed to God; one in a far distant land, and another taken soon after I heard from his dying lips sweet words of peace, and faith, and rest, telling of the eternal life which filled his soul, and which now blooms, and sings, and ministers before yon throne amid the glories of the spirit world. O, who would not be a missionary for fruit like this! And O, what a

meeting, what rejoicing together, and what soul-thrilling intercourse await us above! How beautiful, and appropriate, and prophetic that one verse we sang together in school this first morning,

“When we mingle here no more,
But are met on Jordan’s shore,
We will talk of moments o’er,
At the Sabbath school.”

At half-past three o’clock we assembled for the third time to day at the same place; the congregation filling the house and crowding the doorways. Mr. Burnett led the service with prayer, and the following hymns,

- (336) “O for a heart to praise my God;
A heart from sin set free”:
(342) “I thirst thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood”:
(333) “O that in me the sacred fire,
Might now begin to glow,”

and I preached on Isaiah xxxv., 8, “And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.” The Spirit of the Lord attended all the services to day, and very powerfully at this third meeting; but the great heat of the climate made the constant exercises very exhausting, so that we had no reserve of strength for an evening prayer meeting, or we might have reaped much fruit. We invited the people to meet us to-morrow to form the first class of members on trial. The *Mandingo* being in harbour, on her return voyage, we accepted the Captain’s invitation to an

evening meal with him and officers, on board. Then, as the fire-flies danced amid orange boughs, we joyously returned to our lodgings, to sink into the arms of "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Such was our first Sunday in Fernando Po.

28. At our leaving England, the British and Foreign Bible Society gave us a large parcel of Scriptures in English and Spanish, requesting us, where possible, to sell the copies, as strangers generally value most what costs something. We are cheered at seeing and hearing the dark-eyed and musical-voiced Spaniards standing at our door with silver in their open hands, as they anxiously say "La Biblia, Senor! La Testamento, Senor"! Besides copies given, we have sold them six Bibles for £1 6s. 4d.

At half-past six o'clock this evening, in house of Mrs Job, we formed the

FIRST CLASS OF MEMBERS ON TRIAL.

Mr. Burnett opened the meeting, and I delivered an address explaining the nature, conditions, and usefulness of class meetings and church membership. Then each missionary related his Christian experience. Beside the two missionaries and their wives, the following eleven Africans form this first class:—

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Thomas R. Prince. | 7. Elizabeth Job. |
| 2. James B. Davies. | 8. Joseph Omarah. |
| 3. Henry H. Lardner. | 9. John S. Phillips. |
| 4. Peter Bull. | 10. Jeremiah A. Buckle. |
| 5. Henry B. Fox. | 11. Frederick G. Brown. |
| 6. John Annobie. | |

Some of these were away from town to night and so could not attend, but their names in the above order were given me by Mr. Prince. At least five of this list personally gave us their names during this service. The first five on the list signed and sent the petition to the Committee in London on August 28th, 1869, which led to the opening of the Fernando Po Mission. See "Going to Africa," p. 29. None of the above eleven professed to have been converted since the mission began; but two or three appeared to have attained faith and salvation from a time before we came. The remainder confessed to their not enjoying a present salvation, but appeared anxious to obtain such. Though all the eleven have European names, obtained by themselves or by their parents in a strange variety of ways, some of them retain more privately their original native names. We have seen that Mr. Bull's father's name is Lobesor; and the father of Mr. Lardner was Cah-dajoh, which means "Gather up the crowns," at his native Oko, Abeokuta. Several of the number have been liberated from slavery by those misunderstood angels of mercy—British powder and shot; and others are the free sons of redeemed slaves: while at least two of them show me their descent from African kings. They also represent the distinct native tribes of Egba, Bubi, Ebo, Old Calabar, Congo, Cabenda; while one descends from the Arabs of Central Africa. They were born at very distant parts of Africa, at least two thousand miles apart. Some will probably return to their native towns, and there plant the fruit of our labours in lands we may not see, except as we

look down from yon skies. O to understand more and more the ever-abiding and ever-widening results of NOW.

During this evening's service we sang hymn 657,

"Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one" -

(662) "Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care":

(822) "There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

The following chorus which my father loves to speak of as having been sung at his pious mother's funeral, and which he has so often repeated to me; to night these first candidates of Christian membership joined in singing with deep pathos, uplifted eyes, and many tears,

"We are marching through Immanuel's ground,
And soon shall hear the trumpets' sound;
We all shall meet at Jesus' feet,
And never, never part again.
What never part again?
No! never part again."

March 1. While visiting and trying to talk with a man sitting at his house door, all I could understand him saying was "Me be Accra man. God be bigger man. God be Farder."

2. ANOTHER WEDDING

made all Santa Isabel merry to day, being the first service of the kind performed by this

mission. The happy bridegroom, Francis W. Joaque, is an African travelling photographer from Sierra Leone; and the equally happy bride, Drucilla McAulay, is one of the choicest daughters of the African settlers here. Did the heart of the wooing begin in the art of his calling?

The ceremony was in the house of Mr. A. Struthers, and the bride was led to the table by Mr. John Holt. The spiritual and hallowed service of the Church of England was read by Mr. Burnett, assisted by the writer. How dark faces blushed, and glistening eyes were turned downwards, or silently exchanged the language of glances; and how the lips quivered and the entire frame trembled at saying those magic words 'I will,' need not be fully written now.

Perhaps you do not care to hear of wedding dresses, so we will be brief, but not because there is so little to write about. The bridegroom wore coat, vest, and trousers of light colour; a white lace necktie; white gloves; and a scarlet scarf tied round his waist; a little too low down if intended to keep his heart in its proper place. The bride was beautifully adorned in a white muslin dress, trimmed with choice blue silk; while her head was encircled in a wreath of flowers, containing a bunch of blue ribbon on the right. Over her face hung a short white lace veil, which suitably softened the colour beneath, and increased the lustre of a pair of the darkest and brightest of eyes. From her crown there streamed behind a long white silk veil, which she tossed and waved very gracefully, as if she would say, "Yes, I am queen to-day, girls." Her ears, neck, breast, and wrists were adorned

with rich ornaments, which were probably of pure African gold and native workmanship. There were also several couples of young people dressed in white, who cannot be blamed for thinking and even saying how they wished their turn might soon come.

The ceremony over, book duly signed, and hearty congratulations, even including kisses, being given, the smiling party returned to their newly prepared home, being led by two large flags held high by strong black arms, and followed by dark children clad in white dresses holding aloft the bridal trains. Amid the firing of guns, clapping of hands, and tom tomming of tins, it seemed that even the stately old palms waved as if young again; while the beautiful orange tree, so remarkable for blossom and fruit, was saying,

Drink the dews of heaven like me;
Be ever blooming and sweet.

3. Very kind were the Africans in providing us lodgings in their own humble house until we could obtain a home suitable for our two families and the mission work, and aged widow Nicholl has our best thanks and esteem. But

BELMONT HOUSE

being much larger, more suitable for general missionary purposes, and healthier by standing on the high sea cliff, we engaged it of Capt. Townsend, and entered it to day. It is well built of native wood; standing on about forty powerful posts, so that the house floor is about eight feet above the ground; and the roof is covered with palm leaf mats. Though having

only one floor, there are six rooms, three on either side, about fifteen feet square each, thus being suitable for two families under the same roof, besides a central hall thirty-two feet square, well adapted for public school or preaching services.

I offered Mr. Burnett his choice of apartments; but at his request we drew lots, and he then selected those on the S. W. side, being less exposed to the tornadoes and nearest the Spanish barracks and the town, but also most exposed to the sun. The rooms left for Mrs. Roe and myself are on the N. E. side, which is cooler, more quiet for study, and only separated by a flower garden from the Spanish Governor's house, near to which is the British Consulate, and residence of Mr. Charles Livingstone, brother of the great traveller, but at present absent from home. Though I had the last choice, I thought mine by far the best part, and so events have proved.

The front of the house is N. W., having a spacious verandah almost the entire width of the building, raised to the same height as the rooms, and shaded by a continuation of the roof. Sitting on this verandah we may gather oranges from our own tree, or see the mail steamers coming and going, or view the varied canoes paddled by natives in the harbour, or in their own proper month, watch many whales "blowing up water like steam engines," or admire the snow-capped mountains of Camaroons on our right, or there on our left and dearest of all, wonder and praise while the sun goes to rest in a bed of glory, attended by virgin palms, and crimson-faced waves, and such robes of many

coloured clouds, as prove it heaven to be there and almost heaven to behold.

Outhouses for cooking purposes, huts for labouring Krumen to sleep in, and sheds for goats and fowls, are from ten to fifty yards from the back of the house, and amid tall grass and wild flowers are falling to decay. Still further back, and at the sides of the house are extensive gardens, rich in pine-apples, coffee, cocoa, limes, red pepper, guavas, mangos, oranges, cocoa nut palms, and oil palms. As the premises have been unoccupied the last six months, many of these precious fruits are wasting and rotting over the grounds, thus making a very wilderness of tropical beauty, luxuriance, and perfume.

Formerly Belmont House was a sort of hotel, the only one in the land, where European traders, ship officers, and travellers used to meet and quench their thirst with wines, play at cards and billiards, and dance with black women, till even Romeos and Juliets could not distinguish the sounds of morning from the sounds of night. Some of the tales of these times have made even black people blush, and white ones turn pale. Many suggestive and painful relics of those scenes presented themselves to us to day as we entered the house and tried to adapt the fittings and furniture (which we hire) for missionary purposes. What a change! The large billiard table covered with green baize, is now to stand in front of the pulpit, so as to give the warm preacher both elbow and breathing room. This old barrel organ so long turned by a black to do the work of a quadrille band, making every timber in the house creak again amid the wild

excitement of so many and varied feet, is now to descend, like many of its laughing and ruined mates, to the deep dark mass of thrown away lumber below. Thus this den of evil spirits is being cleansed and converted, consecrated with morning and evening worship, while native women sing,

"Jesus, the name high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky."

4. Mrs. Burnett has fever, probably hastened by her extra work in entering Belmont House yesterday. At evening I preached at Mrs.* Job's on "Have faith in God," at the close of which a person requested to become a member of the mission.

6. Sunday. At breakfast time the native cook was missing, and some one reported him in jail. It is well that our wives can cook, that is, when they can get anything to cook. At 9 a.m. I preached on Luke vii., 42, "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most?" And strange as it may seem, at the close of this sermon on God's free grace and degrees of human love to God, the congregation most willingly and heartily made the

FIRST PUBLIC COLLECTION

in the history of the mission. The amount is twelve shillings and three pence, being entirely of silver coins of various nations, but chiefly British, Spanish, and French. I most distinctly explained that all spiritual blessings are the free gift of God, without money and without price;

but that the sooner the people themselves support their own services, the sooner will our Churches send the Gospel to other needy places. This view seems well understood by them and pleases them much, so that sometimes they offer more liberally than we are willing to receive.

This morning an American mission lady, Miss Nassau, on her way from Bornitio, attended the service, being, except our own families, the first white person at any of our meetings.

While visiting our cook in jail, he explained matters thus, "A woman knock me. Den me knock er. Den we two fight. Den me be put in jail."

Arriving home I was astonished by hearing an infant cry, and was very smilingly informed that while I was preaching, and receiving the first collection offerings from the people, Mrs. Burnett had presented her husband with a son. Not amiss, this, within a fortnight of landing here. The child lived about nine hours and died this evening. Thus they have the honour and the sorrow of the

FIRST BIRTH AND DEATH

in the mission.

In the afternoon I conducted the Sunday school composed of a hundred and five scholars, part of them being in a shady place outside the house.

The evening preaching service would have been taken by Mr. Burnett but for the above birth in his family, so I took it for him. The congregation thronged the house and door ways, and contained Prince Bell, said to be of the

Camaroons royal family. My text was Matt. iv., 17, "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." As the Spirit of God first moved upon Chaos, and as the invisible wind bends and ripens the summer corn, so the power of the Almighty attended his word to night, moving upon these African souls, bowing them in penitence, tears, and prayers.

According to her oft-repeated statement, it was during this sermon, that Jane A. Scholar sorrowed on account of sin, prayed earnestly to God for mercy, believed in Jesus for present salvation, and rejoiced in being saved. As those before received as members on trial were either saved before we came or remained still as seekers of salvation, this is the first conversion in the mission. She is a native of Fernando Po, born of Ebo parents who came from the Niger country and were liberated by the British. It was she who on the hot day of our landing here so pitied us as to gather a quantity of ripe oranges and presented them as her first offering to Mrs. Roe. Now the God of those strangers rewards her with the rich fruit of his Spirit. "Forget not to shew love unto strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Let it be told to those who raise the "No collection" cry, that this first day of collections is honoured most by God in spiritual and providential blessings; thus being an illustration of that disobeyed and forgotten text, "Bring ye all the tithes into my storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing,

that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

How strange that I who have been considered so strong, and never missed a public service through sickness or weakness, but in England have walked twenty-six miles, and preached several times in one day without much hurt, should here to day be so utterly exhausted with only three services. When the evening collection ($16/5\frac{1}{2}$ all in silver) was made, and the closing prayer offered, and while many were weeping their way to the cross and pressing quite near to the kingdom of God, I sank back almost speechless, but just able to say "I can do no more. Meet me here to-morrow." So wonderfully had the excessive heat of the day, and the peculiar atmosphere now spent me. Yet I was never happier, save for the oppressing thought of the lack of reapers in so ripe and abundant fields. O what will to-morrow see?

7. After the prostration of last night I am surprised at being so refreshed and well this morning. Mr. Burnett says he suffers severe pains in his face, and has not had a good night's rest within the last fortnight; this and the extra duties in his family have unavoidably prevented him from doing as much in the public services as he wished. As yet I have not been absent from any public meeting since landing; but have also been enabled to conduct a number of such services alone. This gives me fuller information for this work.

While Mr. Burnett and I were visiting the S. S. Bonny to hire Kru boys he told me that he had buried his child before 10.30 this morning, not many yards from the back of the house.

Possibly my prostration last night or his painful anxiety may have caused my not knowing in time to attend and help.

Hannah Barleycorn entered the mission to be taught by Mrs. Roe and to help in house work in return.

Though unwell, Mr. Burnett went with me to meet the anxious enquirers invited last night. Sorrow and hope sat on many a face as we conducted the service as a Class Meeting, speaking our own experience, then asking each one to speak his, and our repeating the word of God as seemed most suited to each need. The scene cannot be fully described, though so vividly photographed on our mind; for the sudden breakings forth of pent up sorrow, and the pathetic prayers for help can only be imagined by those experienced with African souls in agony to be saved. To call it a place of weeping or valley of lamentation is not enough; for it was also 'holy ground' and "the very gate of heaven." Tears, cries, and praise all mingled together as in many an English Revival scene. We received fourteen additional members on trial, including the convert of yesterday, her brother, two sons of good old Mrs. Job, 'Prince' Bell, and William N. Barleycorn who has since been appointed by the English Conference to be a native missionary. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake."

9. Engaged Kru boy Lewis at two dollars (8/4) monthly, beside a yard of cloth as full dress, his food and lodging, with promise of more on condition of good conduct. Knowing he had

just arrived from his native heathen tribe a thousand miles away, I asked "Have you heard of Jesus Christ?" He shook his head and answered "No, massa." "Have you heard of God?" "No massa." "Do you ever pray?" Only another shake of the head and "No, massa." I then began to teach him the first truths of religion, and he works all the better for the kind words he hears.

11. Preached on "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," and received two more candidates for membership.

13. Sunday. Preached on "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever." Addressed the school, but did not teach a class, and a promising young man, Simon O. Lardner, begged me to teach again as last Sunday, saying, "We have brains, and like to hear things new."

14. Hired three Kru boys. Led class and received two more candidates for membership.

15. Visited the S. S. Calabar and obtained some English provisions. This vessel has brought our first letter from home, written by a parent's hand, and sweeter than the perfume of flowers.

16.

GARDENING

was Mrs. Roe's work and pleasure to day, as she superintended the setting of the following seeds which she had so carefully brought from England, —potatoes, peas, parsnips, cabbages, rhubarb, onions, and mustard. As the seasons are not divided here by summer and winter, but simply by wet and dry months, and as there is no published guide on gardening in Fernando Po,

this day's work is an experiment, the first of the kind in our mission, and makes us wonder and ask O what will the harvest be? The natives stared strangely and laughed as my wife, dressed in white, with a very broad brimmed straw hat, set them an example of the dignity and cheerfulness of female work.

Visited a Scotch trader lying dangerously ill of fever. His words of gratitude and trust plainly show how even here a missionary's influence can revive and mature the early training which once blest him in his native kirk.

Chiefly for the sake of the candidates for membership I began, to night, to preach a series of sermons on that comprehensive text, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." May the same rich baptism of power attend these words in Africa, as we have felt and seen far over the sea.

17. Messrs. T. R. Prince, J. B. Davies, F. G. Brown met at Belmont House to consult us on missionary premises.

18. Mrs. Roe and I visited the homes of those who attend the services. How the dear people thanked us, and tried to show us all manner of kindness.

GARDENING.

19. On the 16th, some of the seed was sown in boxes, which we placed in the shade during the heat of day, and at night exposed to the

copious dews. On the 17th, fresh green stems appeared, which by the 18th were developed into perfect leaves, and to day, only three days from sowing, we cut with a pair of scissors a plate full of mustard which we enjoyed with our evening meal. Such soil and climate, if properly understood and worked, will produce wonders. Don't marvel at children being forward, and at boys and girls in some things appearing as men and women in such a clime. May all good work be as fruitful.

20. Sunday. While teaching the heathen Kru boys by means of a large lesson board, they laughed right out with delight each time they learned a new English word. They told me that their joy was great because they are deemed worthy to learn the white man's book. Many of the Sunday scholars came far too early, and a few came late, probably because they have no clock at home. Preached on "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

21. It is a month to day since our landing, and O what a month! I thank my friend and native townsman, Philip James Bailey, for composing in his *Festus* these beautiful lines which are a great stimulus,

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.

.
And life, so varied, hath more loveliness
In one day than a creeping century
Of sameness."

To day Mrs. Roe has put more of the garden under cultivation ; and Mr. Burnett and I have divided the large class of members on trial into two, he to lead on Monday and I on Tuesday.

23. OUR FIRST GREAT TORNADO.

About eleven o'clock last night, the wind began hissing and whizzing and moaning through the wooden windows near our bed's heads. Then the timbers began creaking like an old ghost house ; while the entire building, staggering on posts, rocked to and fro like a huge giant's cradle. The distant rumbling and grumbling of thunder came nearer and nearer, till it cracked and banged in awful rapidity and loudness just over our heads ; while the lightning with terrific vividness opened fire in the dark heavens till the raging sea, and struggling forests, and high mountains all appeared in one Judgment Day blaze. Crash ! crash ! crash ! as the tempest tears away a wooden window, the size and shape of a house door, and dashes pictures, ornaments, and crockery into one frightful heap of ruin. Imagine us thus awaking from a sweet dream of home, and sitting half out of bed, holding our hair with both hands as if to prevent it all standing erect, while we hurriedly wonder whether we shall stay amid the ruins of the house or fly among the falling trees outside. We decide to stay ; while Mr. Burnett and I thinly clad in night dresses, with lanterns in our hands, labour to save what remains from a total wreck. Many things are thus saved ; but my large phrenological bust and other valuable articles impossible to

replace here are for ever gone. The heavy rain pouring through the house side and open roof, making the floor like a flood, broke the force of the winds, and proved how one evil can destroy another. Having done all we could, we praised our Father in heaven for what remained, and again felt perfectly safe. My wife surprised me by half singing and half crying

"Now let the tornado roar;
It will the sooner be o'er;
We'll weather the blast, and land at last
Safe on old England's shore."

The storm ceased in about two hours; but the repairing the house, sheds, and fences occupied all hands a far longer time than you might think missionaries should devote to such a work. The night's wetting, exertion, and anxiety combined to give me my first attack of African fever here.

24. Though unwell, we went on board the *S. S. Biafra*. The Missionary Records from Rev. S. Antliff could not be read to day without strong feeling and tears. We can bear very much while our friends and churches at home so kindly and prayerfully hold us up.

25. Mr. Burnett and I have arranged to equalize all mission work between us, and to superintend the Krumen each a week in turn; this being my week. To day, one of these native labourers, named Thompson, took the ladder to the most distant and private part of the garden, and got into a palm tree to steal the nuts. A strong native woman apparently understanding the theft, robbed Thompson of both ladder and nuts. Poor Krumen was more frightened at

losing the ladder than in being caught in a theft, so came trembling and confessing the whole, begging me to forgive him but to be severe with the woman. On receiving the property back, with promises not to steal again, we forgive both. Forgiveness without blows seems to astonish them as much as their being caught.

In seven days from sowing, without forcing, the peas were nine inches above ground, and the potatoes had green tops. Had another tornado. Preached in the evening on "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

27. Sunday. A tornado to day was not satisfied with breaking two windows and removing part of the roof; but also saturated our bed, so as to drive us to another place to rest our wearied heads. Well, we are in the way the Son of Man went, and rejoice we are counted worthy to bear the cross for him.

The storm had made the paths so wet and muddy that but few people could get to the public service; still, with these I had a happy time while preaching on "He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm." Conducted the school in the afternoon, and afterwards visited in his sickness Wm. N. Barleycorn.

28. The doctor and chaplain of the British man of war, 'Rattlesnake,' visit the mission, and express pleasure at seeing the work being done; but prophesy that we shall not live long in this climate, if we continue to totally abstain from alcoholic drinks.

Both missionaries have prepared this our
**FIRST REPORT TO DISTRICT MEETING
 AND CONFERENCE:**

Members Approved (being 2 missionaries and their wives)	4
African Members on Trial (beside reserve of 16)	26
Sunday School	1
„ Teachers	6
„ Scholars (beside reserve of 40) ...	60
English and Spanish Bibles sold	26
Connexional Hymn Books sold	52

We cannot measure the spiritual work and results; for, like the waves of light, will they not reach other worlds and ages yet unborn?

29. Discontinued the daily use of quinine, and would guard others against beginning such daily use, except during a fever, when its effect will be far greater for a supreme effort.

We brought from England a portable book case, and about two hundred volumes of favourite works; but little dreaming what a comfort such books would become to us, and what a means of education they would become to many of the native young people already hungering and thirsting for knowledge. To day the people offer me more than the original cost of the books, and plead for them, as if they were pleading for their very life. Remembering the great part these books may work in the future of this people, and that there is no book shop in all this country, and that I may replace many of the works by parcels from London, I satisfy many a longing desire by letting these volumes now go.

After leading class to night, I received six new candidates for membership.

30. Repairing interior parts of the house, during the great heat of the day, and family visiting in the cool of early evening. In one house were several Bubis from the country, in too heathen and nude a condition to be fully described. To the biggest of these strangers I asked "Do you know anything about Jesus Christ?" He shook his head, and replied in an unknown tongue, which a townsman interpreted thus, "Me no sabby him ting," which again being interpreted means, "I do not know that thing." I then said through the interpreter "The Great God who made heaven and earth sent his Son Jesus Christ to save sinners. Do you pray to God?" He replied, "Me cry within me to God for more palm nuts and yams." After other religious conversation, we all bowed in prayer, while I implored the infinite mercy, light, and grace of the God of Noah to save these lost and covenant sons of Ham. At leaving, they all shook my hand most warmly and thanked me with many an earnest "Poto, poto." Later in the evening, I preached on "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."

31 LIZZIANNIE BORN.

This is the sort of comfort our wives get from some writers on West Africa: Dr. Griffon Du Bellay, of the French Navy, says "The climate is not fitted at all for the white woman. Any woman who would hazard, in this country, the perils of maternity, would attempt what would

certainly prove fatal to herself, and surely lead in the end to the extermination of her race."

This evening at 6.50, as if intending not to be very far behind her missionary companion, Mrs. Roe presented us with a daughter, as her first-born offering. Considering it is only thirty-eight days since we all landed here, and that both families have now been treated alike in this fashion, some people will be ready to say "It serves you just right for going to such a place." But it is not true that both missionaries at this time looked up very piously and sang like John Ploughman,

"Not more than others we deserve,
Yet God hath given us more."

No city bells pealed merrily here, but the loud thunders rolled grandly along the mountain sides, and the glorious lightnings lit up the dancing sea. No professional doctor was here; but the African nurses were brave, and wise, and kind. But their custom of charging eight dollars for a girl and ten for a boy I never fully understood; except it be to prove that girls are really not so expensive as sometimes supposed.

April 1. Other female missionaries now preparing for African experience may get a grain of encouragement by studying Mrs. Roe's state of mind as this morning she cheerfully saluted our birthday thus,—“I wish you many happy returns of the day. May they never be any worse; but always as happy as this.”

In giving each Kruboy a silver coin, one laughingly exclaimed “Massa, we like whity man. Whity man be better den blacky man.

Blacky man neber gib us money: he gib us noting but plantain. Whity man gib us money and rice." This saying is not all true, but we give it as a key to the native mind.

Sunday 3. While preaching on "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered; and I will turn my hand upon the little ones;" I felt sure that the power resting on the audience would save some, and so it was. One professing to be converted, during the service, has been a very useful member and worker from then till now.

4. While working as carpenter in one of the outhouses I fell through an old floor, spraining my foot, tearing the skin from one leg, and drawing blood from elbow and hand. Immediately after the fall, and before I could explain my hurt, Mr. Burnett hurried near, saying his wife was dangerously ill, and would I try to find a doctor? Being told that a ship had just arrived in the harbour, I limped off in that direction, and meeting one I believed to be the official Spanish doctor, I gave him the salute, and asked 'Espanol Medico?' His smile and pleasant nod proved I was right; but when he tried to draw me out in Spanish conversation I had to shake my head in humble confession of something else. But with a few simple words and oratorical signs by the hand, I made him understand what was needed, and off he went direct to the mission house.

I then got a boat and went on board the *S. S. Roquette*, and obtained an English doctor who

was a passenger from the Brass River, and who returned with me at once to Mrs. Burnett. After due examination, he reported to us that she certainly was very ill, not with African fever, but a fever incident to any mother so bereaved of her infant, and that the Spanish doctor was already treating her safely and well.

Though every step caused me pain, I returned with the English doctor, in the dark of night, to the beach, and had to wait a long time for a boat. But the conversation by the sea side repaid me. To my question 'How do you find the heathen in your district to suffer and die?' he replied that they died more like beasts of the field; and that recently he was fetched to aid a dying chief up the Brass River. When this chief died, the people got drunk and danced.

CHIEF'S GRAVE.

He was then buried in a grave eight feet square; the sides being lined with bamboo cane to make it look like a house. A table was placed in the centre, containing beef, pork, fowls, rum, brandy, &c., as provisions for the journey to the next world. The body was wrapped in the finest silk and coral that could be obtained. The value of articles buried with him could not be less than £1500. The doctor saw also seven living Negroes lying motionless in the grave, as the chief's attendants to the next world. He was not allowed to see the grave closed; but, when he afterwards charged the natives with burying the seven persons alive, they laughed in such a way as to confirm his belief in the same. From my

knowledge of other parts of this West Africa, I fully believe the doctor's account.

After seeing the doctor off, I returned from the beach with Consul Charles Livingstone, who very dryly said that under a former doctor here, all that went into the hospital came out feet first.

5. Cannot walk without the aid of a staff, and compelled to sit while leading my class. A youth informs me that he was converted while Mr. Burnett was conducting the prayer meeting for me last Friday. This is a most remarkable coincidence, showing that as the first conversion in my ministry here was when I was preaching in Mr. Burnett's appointment because he was prevented by his wife's confinement, even so, the first conversion here in Mr. Burnett's ministry was while he was officiating in my place because I was prevented by Mrs. Roe's confinement. Surely, such a fact is stranger than fiction, and more wonderful than the spice of romance. It teaches us better than any words can how willing we should be to serve each other, and that very much of our success is due to our wives.

6. One advantage of being lame is that of sitting longer at the desk writing these and other notes. But even this pleasant exercise is stopped as the native nurse, who, quieting Lizziannie, comes near singing an impromptu song with considerable loudness, and feeling, and sweetness; a part of which I here give you as a sample of African poetry,—

“Hush he ha baby!
Soon your mamma go come,
And give you agidie!

Chorus,

Good gal alway sleep!
Bad boy alway cry!
Hush he ha baby,
Soon your mamma go come."

These impromptu composing and singing are saying to me that Africa will yet do her part in raising poets and singers for the world's orchestra and for the future concert of the universe.

8. The pleasure of visiting ten families and the hearty thanks of the people fully repaid any little pain in moving about. Preached on the attainableness of entire consecration; being part 2 of 1 Thea. v., 23.

SUN AND STORMS.

In the sun's imaginary journey northwards it is about vertical here to day, so that little or no shadow appears at noon. While the sun thus travels northwards the storms come from the southseast and will turn back with the sun in September.

9. A NATIVE CHIEF FROM BASILI

came to day and offered us a present of seven hen eggs. His neck and wrists were adorned with beads, but as he had no pocket, a small spear was stuck in his wide rush hat and a dangerously looking knife was tied round the upper part of his left arm. Large lumps of red clay hung in his hair all round his head, thus preventing the usual woolly crispiness that often makes the African's hair seem shorter than it really is. Is this clay used thus to make the hair

seem long as Europeans? If so, it is a factor in the process of evolution, and points to the possible development of this race.

Mrs. Roe's maid Hannah acted as interpreter for this stranger, who said that in the interior he had heard of us, and had come to see and hear for himself. While he was very interested in examining some papers and books, though he could not read a single letter of their language, I explained to him letter by letter the name of Jesus Christ, and told him how the Saviour lived and died for all. When he was looking at Mrs. Roe's large picture, worked in coloured wool, and being told that it represents Jesus blessing little children, he was very excited with delight. On departing he begged for white man's powder and shot, and seemed disappointed when informed that we had none; but he revived as we gave him a silver coin and said that we hoped to meet again.

Sunday 10. The exclusiveness of

CASTE

is not confined to the four estates in India, nor to the little minds in little towns nearer home, nor to the tinkers Macaulay described. It is even here. Not because the Krumen are black, nor because they are generally so heathen; but rather because they are the willing toilers all along this coast are they avoided by most of the other tribes. The small brain of many blacks, just the same as the small brain of many whites, has not room enough to comprehend the real dignity of service.

This morning one of our Krumen named King,

whom we are teaching at home, but who has never ventured to any of the public meetings, washed himself till his dark limbs shone like polished ebony, and dressed himself in a new fancy shirt that reached to his knees, and waited at the yard gate. As I passed, he approached with a face full of smiles, and begged that he might go with me to Church. Of course he was gladly welcomed, and encouraged to keep up with me and talk along the way; but he seemed to feel that his tribe are despised by other Coast tribes, and that it was rather a venture for him to appear in public service. We entered the church behind the congregation of seemingly devout worshippers, who as soon as they saw poor King inside turned round and laughed a most contemptuous laugh in his face. Poor fellow! I was sadly afraid he could not stand so hot a fire; but as he bore it cheerfully and laughed in return, the others seemed defeated. Though the church was tolerably full, it was amusing to see how every body was willing to allow him plenty of room.

My text was "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom"; and what appeared very strange during the sermon was, that the more I preached to encourage anxious seekers and to comfort the new converts, the more some of them sighed and wept.

As King returned home with me he said "Me like de meetin, but me no sabby all. Sunday come, den me come gen."

Conducted the Sunday School and delivered the address this afternoon.

11. Marriage laws have been awfully neglected here. To day a

WHITE TRADER AND A NATIVE FEMALE

brought their child to the mission house, and requested me to baptise it. I had to painfully say that if my doing so would in the least encourage their present mode of life I must refuse; and that if the native females are deemed so far equal, then they ought to be deemed equal in marriage. The father was very frank, and assured me of his strong desire for the child to be brought up as a christian, promising that if I would baptise it, he would pay a short visit to his native country, then return and marry this same native. So I complied. Let us wait and see whether he will choose one that he may meet smiling amid his native blue bells and heather, or keep his word to this native of Fernando Po. Will he remember that the flowery language of blue bells is *Constancy*?

13. The native chief who had his first gospel lesson on the 9th, to day brought his father and brother to see us and be taught, begging us to accept a fowl, either as a present, or for the lesson. So the good influence spreads among the poor heathen of the interior.

Congregations little think how often both text and sermon are the experience of the preacher. I felt ill to night and had to leave the meeting early, yet managed to preach a short sermon of encouragement on "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

14. Visited the steamship "Athenian."

15. Good Friday. Until to day our public services have been in the house of Mrs. Job to whom great honour is due. This morning we open Belmont House as our Connexion's second preaching place in Africa. The first public service was at eight o'clock, when I preached to a congregation of 112, on "Behold the man." In the evening Mr. Burnett preached to a good congregation. 12s. 6d. was collected to day, as the first offerings for Church premises. As yet we have no seats for the congregation, and it is a strange sight to see a hundred people carrying chairs or stools on their heads to and from the services. Some carry them over half a mile each way. Others stand during service time, or sit on the floor.

To night my fever is stronger; the symptoms being greater internal heat, dry skin, limbs heavy and weary, without work, difficulty in keeping the eyes open, and an aching head. But these are nothing to Gethsemane.

16. The chief who before brought his father and brother, to day brought four other natives of the interior to see and hear for themselves, and presented me with a native rush hat adorned with black cock feathers. Perhaps he thought my hat was getting shabby. After giving them a lesson on faith in Christ, the chief said to me "Me no like all white men. Some tell me lie. Me like English white man, God man. You no tell me lie. Me like you." O, to be loved by these wild and anxious sons of the forest is worth more than a little fever.

17. Easter Sunday. This morning four Americans were in the service, and the sermon

was preached by Rev. Walker, of the American Gaboon Mission. It was a great treat to hear him. Near the close of the service Mrs. Roe and I held each other up by walking arm in arm to the preacher's desk, while Mr. Burnett baptised our infant Lizziannie, whose name is thus formed by linking those of her two grandmothers. As she lay in the arms of her native nurse Hannah, the contrast of colours gave a pretty effect, and had you watched the admiring eyes of her parents you might have read their thoughts as meaning

"Thou hast not to adorn thee, child,
Flower, link of gold, or gem, or pearl;
We would not let a ruby speck
The peeping whiteness of thy neck."

The Africans vie with each other in showering upon Lizziannie their praises, and blessings, and kisses; all of which she at present remarkably survives. They even hug her and squeeze her, as they call her their very own, a real white native for once; and assert that if ever she remove from Fernando Po, she must return for the benefit of her native air! No wonder we smile and say

"Thou little child,
Thy mother's joy, thy father's hope, thou bright
Pure dwelling, where two fond hearts keep their gladness!"

Hamilcar did not more fully dedicate his son Hannibal than we consecrate Lizziannie for African service.

A HOT EASTER.

While trying to teach a senior class in the

Sunday School this afternoon, I was so ill as to be compelled to leave, much against my will.

In the evening, Mrs. Roe was too ill to leave her bed, and I lay on a couch near suffering with a hot and aching head. At six o'clock it was my turn to preach, but the people begged me to lie still and rest; and on Mr. Burnett kindly offering to take my service, I consented. But the soul-thrilling notes of the second hymn were too much for me; so near the last verse I arose, went to the preacher's desk and requested Mr. Burnett to let me take my place in preaching. I told the audience that I had left my home, my friends, my country, and had crossed thousands of miles of sea for no other purpose than to preach the gospel to Africans; and that if I failed to preach to them all the other labour and expense were in vain; and that I would far rather die to night than live without preaching. Alas! I could not then see that much of this was the effect of fever, and that wise rest might do far more good to others than all my anxious work. "Stand still, and see the salvation of God," is a lesson better understood at the fords of Jordon than at the first sight of the Red Sea.

My text to night, taken so soon after the people tried to keep me lying quietly on a couch, seems now to me as a solemn and even a *grave* joke, for it was Matt. xxviii., 6, "He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay." I preached with more than usual pleasure and zeal, quite forgetting my fever, (and that was worth something), till at the close some of the people unwisely told me how very ill I looked. Mr. Jones, of Liverpool,

was present, being the first attendance of a European, except the mission families, at any of our public services in Fernando Po. As we shook hands together, he let my hand very suddenly drop, saying, "Why, your hand is hot with fever," and at once he went to his house (Mr. Holt's store) and fetched some medicine. Thank God, the back of the fever was broken, for the physical exertion in preaching opened the dry pores of the skin and thus let the enemy escape. Thus what at first seemed to some as a wild and foolish thing, in the end proved a great blessing. Even so is much of our life.

DOCTORING.

18. As an instance of personal losses suffered by missionaries in Africa, insufficiently appreciated by some persons in other lands, Mr. Burnett says that during these first eight weeks since our landing here the Spanish doctor has visited his wife twelve times, charging sixty dollars, (£12 10s.), being five dollars, (£1 0s. 10d.), each visit, beside the cost of all medicines used, and these are the ordinary charges on this Coast. Mr. Burnett also brought with him £3 worth of medicines, beside various medical presents, and has spent an additional £9 for doctoring. To the honour of the Spanish doctor, we record that he accepted only half the amount of his visiting fees. My medical expenses had better be reserved to another time lest you be discouraged.

POLYGAMY.

19. The Basili chief who before brought his

father and friends, brought to day two of his wives, two sons, and a little child. They presented us with eggs, and begged us to dress a wound on the child's foot. As another person was offering to attend to the wound, they indignantly refused, and would not allow any but Mrs. Roe to act doctor, who of course felt flattered and at once complied. When the usual native stocking formed of clay and palm greese was washed off by one of the servants, this Mrs. Doctor washed the wound with clean water, and covered it with narrow strips of sticking plaster, bound on by a piece of white calico. Even the child sweetly smiled its thanks, but the two mothers, or if that is not quite correct, the real dear mother and her dear husband's other dear wife, both clapped their hands and laughed right out with delight. As both women seemed equally to nurse and love the child we inquired which was the true mother. They very pleasantly told us, and explained that their mutual love to the child arose from the fact of their being mutual wives of the father. What a contrast this to civilized life! But they are poor heathens of the forest, and know no better. I ought to add that one wife's face was awfully tattooed, while the other's was not, thus giving another proof of the husband's love of variety. Somebody said that the one not tattooed, had also fine sparkling eyes, well formed features, graceful movements, and was pretty.

Though so much better this morning, at night I was worse than I can ever remember, and a prayer meeting was held because I could not possibly attend class. Being unwilling for others

to notice how severely I suffered, I retired alone to a little back room. But here, the severe internal pains brought me with a heavy fall to the floor, which alarmed them in the other rooms and hurried several to my side. The pain was so acute that for the first time in my life I said "Why do I live?" Several drugs and a little clear brandy were administered, which gave relief, but the night was too bad to be ever quite forgotten.

20. Have very little pain or strength. To night for the first time we held a Sunday School Teachers' Meeting, and appointed Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown as teachers. This may be a

KEY TO UNLOCK THE AWFUL MYSTERY

of Providence in allowing so much affliction and so many deaths among the workers in Africa. My little heart felt so big and so full of love to this land, that it longed to do far more work than was possible. But God said No, not so; for work trains and blesses the worker, and I must have not a few, but millions so blest. Let the too anxious and absorbing workers be checked, even by affliction or death, so that others of my rusting children may be trained, and sent to the front, and there by toil, pain, and sacrifice, be made ready for the white robe, and crown, and spirit-ministry for ever and ever. "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

21. Though not a quarter of a year since the origin of this mission, we held to day what is officially called the

STATION'S FIRST QUARTERLY MEETING;

to enable the accounts and report to reach England in time for the June meetings. We report

Members (being two missionaries and wives) 4

African Members on Trial: being an increase of 19 since Report on March 28 45

				£	s.	d.
Ordinary Income: Classes ...	1	18	1 $\frac{1}{8}$			
" " Collections	2	7	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	5	4

Outgo:

Salaries of two missionaries Dec. to June: each having the same amount for the African period...	}	162	14	7
House Rents and Furniture.....				
Land Clearing				
Set of New Official Station Books				
R. W. Burnett's travelling from Guernsey to Liverpool 324 miles				
Henry Roe's ditto Stanstead to Liverpool 192 miles				
Balance in hand for mission purposes £18 ls. 1d.				

N.B. Details are in Station Book and in Author's possession.

The minutes passed state that Public Collections will be made fortnightly, and a Voluntary Offering Box be at the Church door, and that the two missionaries superintend the Sunday School, each a week in turn.

How the arrival of the British Mail Bag cheered us to day. Even the eight Newspapers received by us contain far more comfort than most people imagine. Would you cheaply make the heart dance and the eyes sparkle on some

foreign lonely shore?—Send a penny paper full of home news.

Stood at the back door enjoying the continuous thunder rolling round and round the mountain sides. Before one long peal quite died away, another started, and so the voice of the Almighty continued a long time.

To day's work has been too much for me; ending with a sharp attack of ague.

22. Very weak. Journal has no other record.

23. Weak—improving. Ditto.

MIDNIGHT ALARM.

24. Sunday. Africa is the land of surprises, even to the extent of it being remarkably surprising if a single day or night passes without something meeting one that is unexpected, extraordinary, astonishing, and marvellously wonderful. Thompson might have known the African traveller, or missionary, when he wrote

“Who can speak
The mingled passions that surprised his heart?”

About midnight I find myself in the very strange position of sitting on the side of the bed and earnestly rubbing both eyes with both hands in order to find out whether I am really awake or asleep, or have the nightmare, or in some awful fever craze. No, it is not a dream, for I'm sure my eyes are getting sore with this rubbing; and it is not nightmare, for certainly I am not on my back; and it is not fever, for my head is cool enough with the damp midnight air. Hark! what is that? Half a cry and half a whisper sound through the key hole of my chamber

door, repeating again and again, "Mr. Roe! Mr. Roe!" And there at the bottom and top of the door is the flickering of a dim light. I speak back through the same key hole, asking "Who's there? What do you want?" The answer is, "It's only me, Mr. Burnett. I just got up to get some medicine and found the house doors wide open, and heard a noise like thieves. Be quick, and bring something, they are now near." Quickly I tie round me the first garment that comes to hand; then place a light in the dark faced lantern; and take a thick walking staff that contains a secret spear. As I glide noiselessly out of the chamber, I find the Rev. Mr. Burnett clad only in his white night dress, holding a dim barn lantern in one hand and a gun (probably not loaded) in the other hand.

"Be still! Don't be surprised! Be ready for anything! Where did you hear them?"

"There at the back, as if robbing the fowl house!"

But as we are not anxious to shoot or spear even a midnight thief, we most instinctively go to the front rooms first, thus, without either of us hinting at such a thing, allowing the robbers to escape if they will. Every room is examined; every bed is peeped under; and every dark corner is exposed to the sudden flash of the bull's eye, and the near approach of the spear's point and the gun's mouth. Cockroaches scramble away; scorpions hide themselves; mosquitoes sing in the air; rats dart into their holes; and snakes shake the dry palm-leaf thatch above our head; but no other thief is found. Even the fowls are all safe.

“Where are they?”

“Whatever could it be?” we ask each other, as the length of our faces decreases, and the retreating colour struggles to return to a forsaken skin.

“But I certainly did hear something; and see there are the house doors still wide open.”

“Ah, I have it now. You know it is usual for *you* to fasten the doors; but last night you went to bed first, leaving me and my wife on the verandah enjoying the cool air and talk about other days. And we, not being accustomed to fasten up, and deeply interested in other things, came in late, leaving the doors wide open as they are now. I remember it well, and am sorry to have caused the natives to be suspected of so bad a thing. Whatever they are among themselves, they would not hurt a hair of our heads; though certainly I have hurt mine eyes with rubbing them so, and am afraid you will take cold in your feet.”

“All right and good night.”

“Nay, say not so, for it is *morning*; and soon this dress must change for other *adorning*.”

Though still weak, and having had but little rest, I preached this morning with great pleasure on these encouraging promises, “Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do

them. Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them."—Ezekiel xxxvi., 25-7, 37. It seemed as though the text was being fulfilled to us each and all. In this service, Mr. M. T. Sawyerr's harmonium led the singing, being the first time

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

has been used publicly in this mission. Both Mr. F. W. Joaque and Mr. J. J. Dougan play. Nude natives and noble Spaniards, who will not enter the congregations, come nearer and nearer, evidently drawn by the sweet toned instrument mingling its charms with the sweeter singing.

MENAU: A GREATER SORROW.

At the close of this morning's service I stand on the front verandah to enjoy the cool sea breeze, and to rest my anxious thoughts before mountains and floods. There, on my right, is a small boat out at sea, and apparently coming this way. What can it have? and where can it be from? It points straight to our house, and the men labour as if fagged. It touches the beach, and the one now stepping out looks like a clergyman or missionary in professional dress. No one dressed exactly like that lives in this country, and we have no neighbours on this side the sea. No ship is in sight that he can have come from. Who is he? What is he? He carries something in his arms, pale as his own white face; while the black men walking behind him carrying boxes and bundles on their heads belong to a different tribe to ours. They are ascending the narrow and steep path

that leads from the sea to this house, and as I watch they seem to be watching me. I start to meet them. Yes, he is a missionary, and appears weak and faint. That white object in his left arm is an infant child not many weeks old; and the way in which he hugs it to his breast, and leans his head over it seem to say that it is his own and that he tenderly loves it. How strange this for a *man*! how very very strange for a *clergyman* in the street! That which he holds in his right hand is a child's milk bottle, with india-rubber tube attached to the little one's mouth. Where is the mother? Where is the wife? Where is the female nurse? No, she is not here: these are all men. Then where is she? As we meet he very feebly asks "Is this a mission house?"

I offer him my hand which contains my heart, saying, "Yes; come in and be welcome."

Soon he is within, and delivers the child to Mrs. Roe and Mrs. Burnett, who eagerly ask its name; while the father half sits and half sinks upon a seat as if choking in getting out the word "Bessie."

The strange blacks place the boxes and bundles on the floor; and, after stretching their limbs to get them straight, squat down also on the floor, as if longing for rest. They also stare round the house and talk freely to each other, but not a word is understood by us.

While refreshments are being served, the stranger informs us that his name is J. Menaul, and that he is an American Presbyterian Missionary, stationed at Corisco, an island near the Equator, in West Africa. That there, less than

three months ago, his dear wife gave birth to this dear child, and within a fortnight afterwards she died. The natives helped him to bury her; but the sorrow and climate soon prostrated him with fever. Having no white friend to nurse his child, and being very anxious to save it for its mother's sake, and while the fever still burned in his own veins, he got these natives to start with him in an open boat, and be tossed by winds and waves, a hundred and fifty miles by sea, in hope of meeting a ship to help him home. Thus he arrives here, so faint and sad, and lone; with a heart ready to break; but clinging to Bessie for its dear mother's sake.

Truly men have hearts as well as hands; and there is still a Calvary on the mission hill. These sorrows and sacrifices come before us just at the right time, to prevent *our* complaining of the roughness of the way, and to teach us that, however we think we suffer, there are others suffering far more. Even *now*, such deeds of love, and service, and sacrifice, are being done in the mission field. Angels are bending over the starry battlements and white cloud partitions to see and aid. What are *we* doing? What *will* we do?

26. Eighteen met me at class to night, and the meeting was one of the happiest we have known. Another tornado.

THE MISSION'S FIRST JOURNEY INTERIOR.

27. Hitherto the mission's services have been confined to Santa Isabel, amongst the natives of the town, the Settlers, and the Bubis visiting from

the interior. To day we go six miles in the forest, preaching to natives wherever we can along the way. Our party consists of Rev. R. W. Burnett, Rev. J. Menaul, the writer, and two Krumen who carry on their heads the provisions, waterproofs, coffee pot, hatchet, and other essentials for a rough journey in the forest and up part of the mountain. We leave the town by the Basili path, and soon see on the right that part of the Bush known as the

SANTA ISABEL GRAVE YARD,

where the shrubs and high grass completely hide from our view every trace of grave, but where the wild birds screech and the glistening dew drops fall warmly from the bowing palms, as if in bitter sorrow o'er the dead. Will *our* bodies rest here? Will these forest sounds be *our* requiem? Will these bright flowers, and warm sun, and spicy breezes embrace and kiss *our* grave? How sweet the thought to a wearied head and wounded heart! Our spirits bow with "Thy will be done," and a voice within is answering, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

Near here we cross a river, in the midst of which the washing women are standing with the water up to their waists, dipping the clothes, then beating them on large boulders with wooden mallets, and spreading them on the grassy banks and bushes to dry.

After crossing a smaller stream, and ascending a gentle hill, there lie before us the ruins of

MR. SPARHAWK'S OLD PLANTATION.

This on the left is the tenantless house in which

my dear friend Bertram has so often laughed in merriest glee, and probably sung, as we have since heard him,

“John Brown’s body is now underground,
But his soul is marching along.”

There hangs still, (ah, too *still*!) the large bell that used so to frighten the wild deer and parrots, but had such music to the labourers when called to meals and rest. There, amid the ruined timbers, still climb and bloom the wild rose, as if proclaiming the beauty and sweetness of the resurrection. There, before us, is the long and well formed avenue of bananas that make us wonder whether this is really a Paradise Lost, or a Paradise Regained. While, alas! all around us are abundance of coffee and cocoa plants without a single hand to reap, or a single soul left to enjoy. Fare-thee-well, friend Sparhawk, senior! We trust thou hast a better plantation in the skies! Fare-thee-well, friend Sparhawk, junior! Though seas and land divide us, the friendship of the past still binds us! (1)

Along this beautiful avenue of bananas we soon come to a group of Africans squatted on the way side, round a wood fire, like so many Gipsy Fairies, (though not so very fair), in an enchanted scene. A few kind words are exchanged and on we go. Another stream is crossed and another group of Africans are found boiling a pot of rice, of whom we ask “Will you give us some chop?” and they most kindly and cheerfully offer us the best they have.

(1) These personal references to the Sparhawks apply chiefly to the time of this writing.

A little further, just where the old plantation ends and the mountain forest begins its forty miles of winding and ever ascending primeval shade, we cross a valley that deserves the brightest mind and the newest pen to describe. Its beauty strikes us as only beauty can at first sight, and we call it

HOLMESDALE,

in honour of the pure and beautiful maidenhood of one left behind this morning, and who will, even before the proper time be waiting and watching for us. On this valley side we sit in silence to look, and think, and admire. Common-place talk grates on the ear like an unholy intrusion; as the words of Young, just a little changed, come as in a whisper, that here,

“An undevout traveller is mad.”

A green and flowery ravine lies before us, down which the pure mountain stream is flowing, and dancing, and laughing, and sparkling in whitest robes and brightest face. On each side the high foliage of many hues is gracefully bowing, as if anxious to kiss the willing stream; while many lovely birds are fluttering to and fro and doing their very best at forest melody. We are unwilling to leave for our soul drinks deeply at this scene, which will probably remain to us a joy for ever. (2)

(2) The following made this scenery far more charming than it otherwise could have been : 1, The recent tropical rains, just after the dry season, reviving vegetation and swelling the mountain streams. 2, This being our first journey interior. 3, Our recent recovery from sickness, which is the best time to behold natural scenery, especially in such a land.

Perhaps the purpose of all beautiful things is to make the mind ascend; yea, and the life too; and it is quite in harmony that here, at Holmesdale, the feet of our missionaries, for the first time, climb the Fernanda Po mountains, so studded with many native villages, never yet visited by "him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation."

"TONGUES IN TREES":—

Here the stately mahogany tree and the wide spreading Bombax Cotton tree, wild and uncared for, suggest a richer future for this land. On both sides this mountain path are majestic palms, entwined by many flowering parasites, that gracefully and beautifully link these fruitful trees together. In some places we notice as many as four different climbers on the same palm, increasing the loveliness, but also pressing and sucking the very life away. And such are human life and death to some. Here and there are old trees, with moss crowned brows, fallen with age and decay, and now lying on the cool damp ground so quietly, while leaves and flowers from other trees are descending to cover them. Such is a forest funeral.

Learn the history of this tree: all its beginning of life, amid quiet dews and bright sunshine, without causing pain: serving all the purposes of life without receiving pain: never sinning through the stronger spell of an evil one: blossoming and bearing fruit even to hoary age: then gently and peacefully hushed to rest amid ferns, flowers,

palm leaves, and the sweet singing of birds: and here, in this same forest, long after death, ministering to the beautiful and struggling forms yet to appear.

O how I long to be
More like this forest tree!

Wearied and hungry, we sit on one of these fallen trees, and lunch on sea biscuits and lime fruit. Soon we are on the march again, still ascending the mountain, as Mr. Burnett begins singing,

"I'm climbing up Zion's hill,
For the Saviour whispers 'Love Me;'
Though all beneath is dark as death,
Yet the stars are bright above me;"

and as most of us join in singing, the forest echoes with sounds so new and strange. At Banapa Corner are two ways, one going to Basili and the other to Basupu; and as we stand wondering which to take, a Spanish black labourer appears in sight, and shakes his head at all our English. At last we say "Sabby Espanol Basili?" and he smiles, nods his head, saying "Si," (pronounced *Se*, being Spanish for *Yes*,) and then cheerfully points to the right.

Again water courses are constantly crossed, wild parrots screech, and noises are heard in the bush as if even monkeys are frightened at us. Then we must appear queer.

Arriving at Spanish Basili, (not the native town, but near it, and so named because the Governor has a Sanitarium here,) we are heartily welcomed by one who is best known to us as "Prince Bell of the Camaroons," who is a mem-

ber of my Tuesday class at St. Isabel, and headman of the labourers on the Governor's plantation. It may be remembered that the Spanish Governor had kindly invited us to his house here for the good of our health; and to day we enjoy a hearty meal on his verandah. From this high position we have a splendid view of the surrounding forest, the distant ocean, and the Camaroon mountains. The tops of the latter must be about forty miles from here, as there are twenty miles of sea, and considerable country on each side, and yet the clearness of this equatorial air makes them appear so near. The thermometer at 2.45 p.m. marks 86 degrees; and here are growing cocoa, coffee, pine apples, and limes. A fallen tree measures a hundred and sixty feet.

We try to find the native town of Basili, but cannot; and the Bubis we meet along the narrow paths are very nervous and frightened, though they carry knives and guns, and we have only walking sticks. Probably our white faces and dresses make them afraid; or it may be the memory that white men have hunted them like game, and shot the aged to take the younger ones as slaves. If so, what a wonderful providence preserves us. Group after group of these clay covered, tattooed, and nude offspring from God we stop and speak to as best we can about Jesus and heaven; and many a time they raise their hands to their breast, look up, and say "Poto, Poto!"

Wearied, but happy, we reach home by sunset; and preach to the town congregation on "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."

29. In the prayer meeting to night, as the people knelt and confessed their sins before God, and earnestly supplicated for clean hearts, and shouted praise for blessings received, far sterner spirits than mine might have melted. I preached a short sermon on "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed."

30. While Mrs. Roe and I were visiting the members of the Tuesday Class at their homes, we found one of them, (W. N. Barleycorn) quietly sitting in a corner, studying an English Dictionary, and expressing a strong desire to know the meaning of words.

BEGINNING OF THE END.

May 1. Sunday. Mr. Burnett having arranged with three of the native members, took them early this morning to hold the first service in the interior town of Bassupu. One of the three is Mr. Scott, a Christian Bubi, being guide and interpreter. Mr. Burnett's own printed account of the day says "The object before him was such as filled his thoughts. To tell the sweet story of the cross to those who are truly heathen,—to be the first from whose lips some of them would hear the name, sweetest and best, the name of Jesus, was an honour and a privilege of no mean order." Just so. These words of his are embryogenic; the natural development of which has influenced us and all our future life and work far more than we ever dreamed or imagined. The seed which

he sowed this day has borne fruit to each of us all along the way to the present, including the writing of this book. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

To our ordinary congregation this morning I preached on "Ye must be born again," and at the request of parents, baptized two children. Conducted the Sunday School, and taught the senior scholars, in the afternoon. Preached in the evening on "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God for he will abundantly pardon." These three public services, originally arranged as work for two men, considering the oppressive climate, have been too much for my strength. Worse still, to day marks the beginning of certain mental trials, which out here are far more destructive than either climate or hard work.

2. The King of Bassupu and two of his wives visit the Mission House, and receive medicine to cure his Majesty's bloodshot eyes.

3. Another powerful tornado at 2.30 a.m. Led class, and received another candidate for membership.

5. Met twelve young men, and formed a General Improvement Class, to include lessons in Scripture, Grammar, History, &c.

6. Willie Burnett having convulsions, after assisting in bathing his feet in hot water I travelled about the town in the dark of night to find the Spanish doctor, but could not.

SUNDAY TRAVELLING TO PREACH.

8. Mrs. Roe has carefully and cheerfully packed in a light basket the following articles for our party to day:—Bible and Hymn Book; boiled rice and tins of sardines; tea and sugar; a small hatchet for cutting fire-wood; a coffee pot for boiling water; and the never-to-be-forgotten box of matches. A native Kruboy, with bright ebony limbs fresh from the river bath, and adorned with a fancy-coloured new loin-cloth, tosses the basket on his head quite as proudly and twinkles his eyes quite as admiringly as any white girl with a fine new bonnet. It is not quite eight o'clock as we leave Belmont House amid a shower of "Good morning!" and "Adios, Senor!" With the exception of the thought of leaving some behind, there can be no wonder at our feeling as happy as when going to a pic-nic on the Isle of Wight, or to some charming retreat on the Coast of Jersey. And yet amid all this brightness of spirits are deep and solemn thoughts of the poor heathen, whose future savageness or saintliness may depend instrumentally on our life to day. O for wisdom, and power, and vineyard blessings. The answer is clear: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye."

He who anciently drew his own robes of cloud between the fierce rays of the sun and Israel on the march, is now doing the same for us. Even the little rain which recently fell has cooled the ground and sweetened the air.

COMPANIONS AND CHOIR.

By appointment, the following members of the town congregation meet us at the outskirts of Isabel, and attend us all day: Gabriel Job and Jeremiah A. Barleycorn, both of the Ebo tribe, and natives of Isabel; Joseph N. Savage, of the Egba tribe, and native of Abeokuta; Joe Nelson, a coloured native of New York; J. W. Powell, of the Oku tribe, and native of Sierra Leone; Peter Bull, of the Bubi tribe, native of Fernando Po; whose valuable and ever memorable services as guide, interpreter, and native preacher are beginning to day.

RIVER CROSSING AND PETER.

Natives bathing in the first stream we reach, stand laughing at us jumping from large boulders to fallen trees, and then from fallen trees to other large boulders, and so crossing without a wetting. At the next river there are no such jumping places, and the stream seems broader and deeper, so I show signs of undressing for a swim. But Peter comes near saying "No do so, massa. It no be fit for white man to take off dress before these black people." I open both eyes wide with astonishment and admiration at this Fernandian's modesty, as much so perhaps as if the beautiful face of the white mermaid were just peeping out of the dark waters, or as if I could hear in these wild woods

"Round about the caldron sing
Some elves or fairies in a ring."

Peter says, "See, me get in water so," showing

by signs that he will place his back to the bank side, with the water up to his waist. "Then put him leg on him shoulder, (at the same time touching my right leg and his own right shoulder); and him leg on him shoulder, (repeating the same action on the left); and put him hand on him head (touching my hands and his own head); and hold fast, and me fit to carry you cross." Having so mounted on the the top of his tall strong back, and holding his neck tightly between my knees, and with both hands fairly full of his real woolly hair, (what a comfort it is not false hair!) I may be pardoned for wondering when in the midst of the stream whether he will duck me as my big brother used to do in a certain canal. But no, Peter is not teaching me to swim, but rather how to trust the strength and kindness of the natives, and the lesson may go on teaching and preaching, to the interests of his people, long after Peter and I are gone. While standing high on the opposite bank, with one eye admiring the dryness of my newly starched white dress, and the other eye laughing at the party struggling in the stream, again and again I think, what a dear good fellow is this Peter!

Now the path is only wide enough for single file, and the high grass and spreading ferns sparkle with the dew or early rain of this morning. Here we enter a wide wild

FOREST OF STATELY PALMS,

the sight of which is so charming that we stop to admire, wishing our many dear friends were with us to enjoy the scene. Our thoughts and feelings are best expressed in repeating these words,

"From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone."

A company of natives bearing palm oil and yams on their heads here meet us, and seem very nervous; but a few kind words on the friendly nature of our mission soon revive their spirits.

One of our party points in the forest to our left and exclaims "A farm!" But, on approaching, we find only a roof of palm leaves supported by four rough posts, surrounded by fruits and vegetables indicating a richness of soil that will probably draw farmers of the future from other lands.

Again the natives are frightened, and retreat further into the forest, and hide behind trees. But a friendly salutation of "Oh epode!" causes an aged man with grey hair to reply with "Poto!" and to enter into conversation with us. What this aged man thinks of the story of Jesus and heaven, we cannot say; but he says that the town of Bassupu is near, and he will follow us to hear more of these things. And so he does.

More numerous groups of natives, chiefly women carrying heavy burdens on their heads, and other

FEMALES SMOKING

short black pipes, indicate the nearness of habitations, and the need of a lighter and brighter life.

Large portions of forest land are here cleared

and cultivated as vegetable plantations. The low brown huts of the town of Bassupu are now in sight, and we stop because Peter says we must first inform the king of our approach, and must not enter any other house before his majesty has had the privilege of receiving us. While we pause, let us remember that there is no white person, nor christian, nor civilized, nor properly clothed in all this town; and that our colour, our faith, even our very dress, will all appear wonderfully strange to every one who has not travelled from home, and may expose us to danger through their fear, or anger, or covetousness. Let at least a silent prayer arise that these poor heathen souls, whose parents have been wandering so far in the dark all these centuries, may be found by "The Shepherd of Israel" to day, and started in the path of light, and holiness, and heaven. Let us remind the Father of all spirits that our own interests have not brought us here, but that his own guiding eye and providence have led us to this place and this time; and that our lives, services, and all the consequences are now laid upon his altar to be disposed of absolutely as he wills. O the calm—the sweet spirit calm—deeper than the ocean and higher than the stars! Here amid these palms, and within hearing of this town, it seems as though the angels are still singing "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth; and good will toward men." Thus we wait,

READY FOR SERVICE OR SACRIFICE.

We enter the town and stand before the king's palace. Did we say *palace*? Be not deceived.

Compare not as yet your European Sovereigns and Asiatic Courts with the royalty and palaces of Africa. Such a day may come, but now rather than do that, compare Solomon in all his glory with poor old Diogenes, or the delightful Crystal Palace with the dirty Cynic's tub. And yet, if our modern word Palace is correctly derived from *Palatium*, the name of one of the seven hills at Rome on which Augustus had his house, it is even more correct to call this a palace, standing as it does on a tropical mountain, than so to call a large building in a flat city or low by the water side.

KING BUSAHO

being informed who we are and what we are come for, invites us into his house. As we enter, we observe that he looks as ill as when we saw him on the 2nd, and that he is sitting on a coarse mat spread on the bare soil, and resting his back against a wall of posts. The king and several of his young queens rise to their feet and shake hands with us as they offer a very hearty welcome. As the house has no sofa, nor chair, nor respectable stool, this royal party kindly offer us the best seats they have, namely rough blocks of wood, on which we very thankfully rest.

During the slow process of courtly conversation through an interpreter, but without appearing to unduly stare at anything or anybody, we soon notice everything in the room, and think of some other things that should be here. This

PALACE

consists of one room, about eighteen feet long, by

about twelve wide; the sides and ends being formed by plain (not planed) forest posts standing four or five feet high, supporting a rising roof composed of palm leaf mats. There is no door, but several posts are left out in three places, thus forming holes, so low as to compel even white men to bow very humbly in approaching native royalty. There is no window, according to your modern corruption of words; but as the African is not here to speak for himself, we must defend him. Does not the word come from the Icelandic *vindauga*, which means wind-eye? Or if that chills or blinds you, does it not come from the Old English *windore* which means wind-door? If so, and surely you need not doubt it, we can prove that the African is most original; for his very door-holes are windows, and between every two posts that form his house walls is such an opening as may be called a wind-eye. In proof of this see the king's blood shot eyes.

There is no table. Well, perhaps there is no need of one, as they can hold their food on their knees, without spoiling their dresses. There are no iron fire-places nor fire-irons, so black lead does not damage their fingers. Three stones forming a triangle on the floor make the fire-place. This room has several such fires, and as there are no chimneys, the smoke can often fill the house, and hide the inmates from each other, which at times may be very useful. As this mode of life has probably continued all the centuries since these people's parents left their father Ham in Egypt, you need not any more ask why they are black.

Close by the king's side, one of the

YOUTHFUL QUEENS

sits on the floor, holding her head quite proudly as she puffs long curling smoke from a short black pipe. Whether she smokes to comfort herself, or to comfort the king, or to comfort me, she does not say, but as the tobacco smoke is much lighter in colour than is her skin, perhaps it is to improve her complexion. Certainly her reason cannot be the same as the lady's who said that her dear husband smoked to keep destructive moths away from dresses and furniture!

Being hungry, and seeing no sign of a meal by the king's invitation, our provision basket is opened, and the best sardines and rice are offered the royal family, who refuse with many a polite "Poto," but consent to the children having the rice. One of the queens takes a black pitcher to a neighbouring brook, fills it with fresh water, carries it back on her head, and places it by our side. Busaho has sent a messenger to his chiefs and friends saying that a white man has come, and will soon speak to the people at his house.

Here they come, along various paths, and salute us with marks of great respect. Two of them are introduced to me as "Kings," but whether they come from neighbouring kingdoms or are simply chiefs of this tribe, we are not yet informed. One of them has a small gray beard, and what Phrenologists call a well-developed head; that is, having each section of the skull evenly balanced; the base of the head or animal region being not so large, and the forehead and crown, or mental and moral regions, being fuller than the ordinary African type. His open face

and well-formed features perfectly correspond. Such a head, (all other things being equal), should bode a better mind and heart than most others we see around us, and is worthy of a better dress than the oil and clay and bunch of grass that now form his whole attire. From the first good look at him we admire him, and believe that if he become saved he will labour to save many more. O that the seed soon to be sown in his mind may make all his tribe blossom as the rose. Is not his name

RIPUCHU ?

The other king or chief seems the reverse of the former in many respects; having a far more forbidding head and face, with the animal preponderating within and without. Even the pieces of wild animal skins tied round his bare legs, and the patches of white chalk daubing his breast, arms, and face, do not make him appear so savage and dangerous as do the murderous scowl on his degenerate mouth, and the cat-like cunning of his half shut eyes. Is not his name

BUBAKA ?

As this tribe are reported to be worshippers of the devil, we wonder if this is the incarnated demon come to defend his long reign. If so, we have a fight demanding far more than human strength; and our faith says that we shall surely conquer; for Omnipotent Immanuel is leading us on.

Of course these royal Africans, like all others of their social state, look for presents, and it seems no use our saying that we are come not to

trade but to teach. They believe that all white men, and especially Englishmen, are immensely rich and wonderfully liberal. Hence kings and queens are not ashamed to beg; and beg they do to day. The climate is so hot that now, as we sit calmly talking in the shade, the perspiration falls from our brow; yet Busaho insists that he is very cold, and needs one of my garments to make him warm. What must I do? Suppose each king, and chief, and queen catches the same idea and insists on one of my few articles of dress. What about my return home? Happily this time they do not all demand dresses, but I place a piece of scarlet cloth round the old king's shoulders, amid the laughter of some, and the admiration of all. Anyhow, he looks a little more kingly.

Besides our party of ten, we count fifty natives in this house of 18 feet by 12. And this near noon, in the tropics too. Nearly all are sitting on the floor like so many pashons packed closely together. There seems absolutely no watchings and whisperings amongst the ladies about the colour of ribbons and styles of bonnets on the other side; for the entire dresses of these fifty would scarcely be deemed enough for one white child. Outside the house many more are assembled, with their strange faces filling the door holes, and peeping between the open crevices. Some of these faces are awfully tattooed, while others are clear; some are wrinkled with old age, while others are in the freshness of youth; but all alike keep on staring as though they had just discovered the North Pole. Very unpopular people, such for instance as old bachelors and certain others who sit alone complaining that

they are overlooked, and not appreciated because not clearly understood, should come to these native African towns, where they would be sure to be noticed, admired, and probably possessed.

ORDER OF SERVICE:

The congregation being ready, with Peter as interpreter on my left, and the young men from Isabel forming a choir on my right, I open the service by reading the first verse of hymn 604,

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

Then Peter interprets this verse in their own language, while the kings stare at each when told that Jesus is coming to reign in every land and every town. It would be interesting to know what they thought. Then we sing the verse, which pleases the aged people greatly, while the young ones are awfully frightened, and struggle to escape.

Remembering that there are princes and princesses present, how beautifully appropriate the next verse,—

"From north to south shall princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word."

When the hymn is finished we tell the audience that we are going to talk to God, (atola Rupe). I then pray a simple prayer in English, followed by Peter praying for the same things in Bubi. The lesson is Matt. xxvii., verses 29 to 54, being

read and interpreted verse by verse like the hymn, and presenting the attractive and thrilling picture of the cross. Then follows hymn 136,

"Jesus the name high over all,
In hell or earth or sky;
Angels and men before him fall,
And devils fear and fly."

What do these worshippers of satan think of this? What do they feel? What does the devil think and feel? What if he is now present reading on these walls, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin"!

Next comes the text, consisting of our Commander's Marching Orders, and an epitome of the whole Gospel, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Mark xvi., 15, 16. Little by little we explain the circumstances, persons and conditions of the text, linking the original with the present. The congregation, wild and savage as you may call them, listen with profound interest as though touched with an unseen spell, or drawn by an unknown charm. It is the spell and the charm of "I will draw all men unto me." Even this ferocious looking Bubaka has opened wide those clenched teeth and half-shut eyes, as though he will be cunning and crafty no more. They seem more agitated as they hear about being "damned," and are probably thinking of their own custom of condemning a criminal to be hung on a tree and shot at till his flesh drops to pieces; or of that worse execution of theirs of binding the living sinner to a corpse, and flinging him thus into

the darkness of this forest, to be tortured by ghosts, and gnawed at by innumerable foes from which he cannot escape, not even by perishing before his time. Surely if they do these things to their own sinners (and they themselves say they do), how can they complain at God's way? If sinful men do these things to a brother man for only one sin, who shall measure how much a Holy God should do for a life full of sin? No wonder these heathens tremble, and shake themselves, and stare wildly at each other as they hear a loving, weeping, and dying Saviour cry

**"HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT
SHALL BE DAMNED."**

As we exhort them to turn from their wicked ways, and pray to the God of heaven, and believe in Jesus Christ for full, free, and present salvation, their absorbing interest and visible anxiety encourage us to hope that even during the service some are already believing and beginning to be saved. Those who talk of years of preparation being necessary, and who cannot believe in the present conversion of savages, are unfit to be missionaries to the heathen, and should tarry at home till they have faith, lest they soon run away from the work and do more harm than good. We believe the Lord is now working to save here in honour of his own word.

After about half an hour's sermon, the entire congregation repeat aloud several times in Bubi, and then several times in English, this short prayer,

**"LORD, SAVE MY SOUL,
FOR JESUS CHRIST'S SAKE."**

They appear to learn it correctly and to say it with deep feeling and earnestness. Then, all hands are raised—each person holding up both hands, as a promise that they will offer this prayer to the only one God of heaven and earth every day.

I cannot express how very joyfully we sing the closing doxology, and how our bounding heart rejoices as these dear heathens—naked and wild as they are—join in singing aloud the praises of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Surely God is visiting these people and preparing some—O may it be all!—to sing before his throne above.

The kings giving their opinions on the service say, "We love the words he has brought us. He has not come to buy nor to sell. We believe he is a spirit sent from above to teach us. Our children are very bad."

We leave this congregation amid their hearty thanks for the service, mingled with earnest requests for us to soon come again.

In another part of Bassupu we join a party of natives in a hut, who kindly offer us palm wine, and an unknown dark drink which they say is "to prevent the sun hurting us," but we politely decline both, and accept a cup of coffee. While examining our geographical position, by means of the very useful

POCKET COMPASS,

presented by W. B. Wyman, Esq., of Stonebury Hall, the natives most inquisitively watch the trembling needle and ask what it means. We explain that this needle cannot stop its trembling till it calmly rests pointing to the north, thus

showing me where to find my country, friends, and home. This I let them see proved several times amid their excitement, fear, and wonder. Surely their own demon priests have nothing equal to this. And if white men can make such a marvellous thing as this, whatever is there that they cannot do? By this, many people gather round the compass, to whom we lecture on some of the wonderful and useful things a state of civilization can give them; and show the possibilities awaiting them and their children even in this life.

In another part of Bassupu many people follow, and the sun being now very hot we stand under the partial shade of a palm, with a youth holding an umbrella over me, as I preach to an anxious crowd on "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

We return home another way, while several Bassupu natives follow expressing their delight at the "new words" they have heard to day and begging us to come again soon; which of course we promise and fulfil. Our thoughts and feelings are indescribable. But this we can say, that the trees, flowers, and birds appear more beautiful and sweeter than ever before, and that something within us is ardently longing for all the forest to

CLAP ITS HANDS WITH PRAISE.

No social, nor political, nor other divine work, appears so great or happy as preaching the Gospel to the heathen.

After walking several miles we come to a sweet resting place in Holmsdale, where we cut

wood, make a fire, boil water, and prepare tea. The river being shaded by overhanging trees, and so temptingly cool, a white cloth is spread over a large flat boulder in the midst of the stream, and here the meal is served. Around this primitive table are other boulders on which we all sit, enjoying one of the most picturesque tea parties ever seen. In the evening we arrive safely at home, and assist in the Isabel preaching service; and are now retiring to rest, saying,

"Something attempted, something done,
Hath earned a night's repose."

Shall we meet again some morning?



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